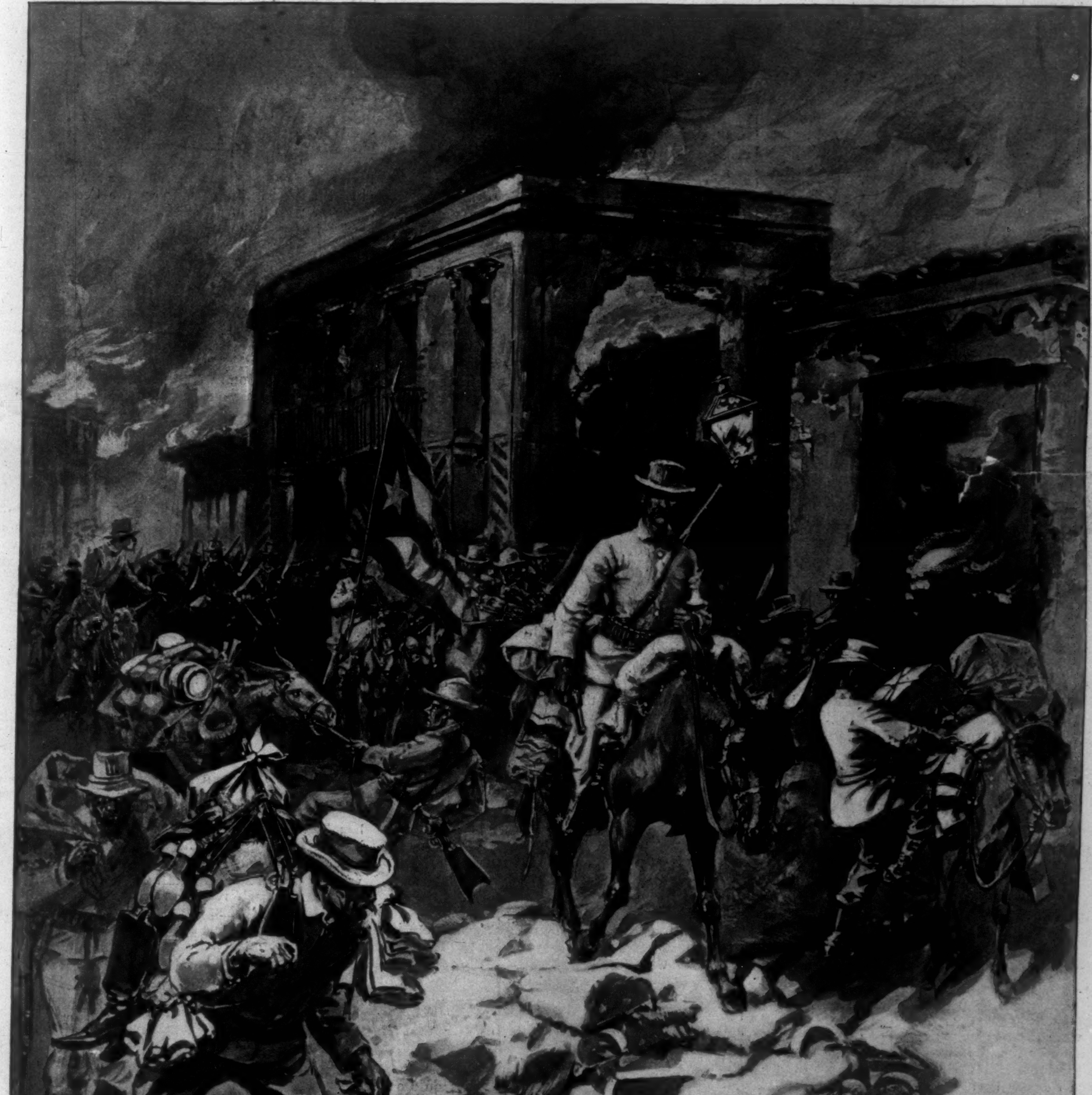
IMPORTANT ARTICLE ON THE SALVATION ARMY, BY MRS. BALLINGTON BOOTH.—[Page 249.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XL.—No. 2047.
Copyright, 1896, by HARPER & BROTHERS.
All Rights Reserved.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1896.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.



THE LOOTING OF JARUCO—CUBAN INSURGENTS MAKING OFF WITH BOOTY AFTER BURNING THE TOWN.
DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS FROM A PHOTOGRAPH AND DESCRIPTIONS BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.—[SEE PAGE 246.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(Twenty-four Pages.)

New York City, March 14, 1896.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

CONTENTS, NO. 2047.

The Cuban Insurrection. The Sacking of Jaruco. Illustrated. Thomas R. Dawley, Jun.
Editorials.
Italy and Abyssinia. Ill'd. Félix Aucaigne.
Life and Letters. W. D. Howells.
Congress and Cuban Belligerency. Illustrated.
"The Church of the Black Sheep." An Article on the Salvation Army. With Portraits. Maud Ballington Booth.
Important Educational Advances at Columbia College. Nicholas Murray Butler.
Erzerum. Ill'd. H. Le Poer.
The Troubles in Armenia—Retreating Villagers Pursued by Kurds. Edwin Lord Weeks.
The Influence of Number in Criminal Sentences. With Diagrams. F. W. Hewes.
The Master's Pen—A Confession: Poem.
The Gray Man. Eleventh Instalment. Serial Story. Ill'd. S. R. Crockett.
This Busy World. E. S. Martin and Others.
Amateur Sport. Ponies and Pony-Breeding. Part IV., No. I. Illustrated. Spencer Borden. Athletic Reform in the Middle West. Caspar Whitney.

PARTISANSHIP RUNNING MAD.

THE Raines liquor-tax bill at present pending before the Legislature of New York is one of the most striking instances on record of that short-sighted infatuation with which the so-called "practical politician" pursues his spoil. The public sentiment of the State demands an excise law that, aside from distributing its burdens fairly and diminishing as much as possible the number of low dram-shops, would, above all things, so operate as to eliminate an element of corruption from our political life by "taking the saloon out of politics." Instead of this, the Republican politicians in the Legislature, under the instructions of Boss Platt, give us a bill which heavily and most unfairly taxes the cities for the benefit of the country districts, which fails to make the rational and salutary distinction between distilled liquors and fermented beverages, and between sales over a bar and sales in restaurants with meals, and which, in addition to this, not merely concentrates the administration of the law in the hands of a State officer, which would in itself be well enough, but authorizes that officer to appoint a large number of subordinates, not to be subject to the civil service law—the whole force to be, of course, composed of party workers, and to be armed with powers opening boundless opportunities for blackmail and corruption—thus forming a most formidable political machine to stretch its fangs over every election district in the State. If the discretionary authority of the excise boards under the present law is objectionable because it tends to be subservient to political interests, the official machinery created by the Raines bill is a hundred times more so. In other words, this bill, if made law, will thrust the saloon into politics infinitely deeper than it ever has been. No more prolific source of corruption and no more nefarious engine of political tyranny than this bill could have been contrived by the most inventive genius of mischief.

Now, what can the authors of such a measure of legislation expect to accomplish by it? Can there be any member of the Legislature dull-witted enough to believe that this is a rational or an honest method to regulate the liquor traffic for the public benefit? It is hardly imaginable. The whole contrivance is so barefaced in its purpose that no person of sound sense can be in doubt as to its prospective effect. Certainly the contrivers of it did not trouble themselves about the public good. If they were in doubt about anything it was as to how much outrage the people of the State were capable of patiently enduring. They have already found it necessary, in order to appease the indignation of the city people at the attempted robbery by taxation, to reduce somewhat the proportion of the proceeds of the liquor tax levied on the cities which is to go to the State. But the other objectionable points, among them that most wicked and odious provision for the establishment of the political machine, which seems to be their darling scheme, they have carefully preserved. By this they expect to strengthen and perpetuate their political power. And just here they manifest their characteristic folly.

It is amazing how little such political tricksters, who pride themselves upon their shrewdness, learn from experience. Let them study the history of their own party. They will find that almost every attempt to strengthen its hold upon a State by an artfully devised gerrymander has ultimately resulted in benefiting the opposition. They have reason to remember that all their force bills and other devices to control the elections in the South served only to hold the Democratic party of that section together and to make it wellnigh invincible, and that only when they abandoned those schemes, which were as silly as they were iniquitous, the Republicans secured a free field for growth in the Southern country. They should attentively contemplate the object-lesson at present presented by the Senate of the United States. How sure they were to increase their numerical strength in that body as well as in the electoral college by admitting as States the mining camps and cattle ranches of the far West! And now those very States are so many thorns in the flesh of the Republican party. They demoralize its councils, urge upon it a false and disastrous policy, and threaten to antagonize and defeat it unless that policy be adopted, which adoption would lead to certain disgrace and defeat.

But of all the sharp practices of this kind none is more apt to provoke popular resentment, and to react against the party responsible for it, than the creation of new offices for the sake of placing party workers, and the investment of such offices with arbitrary powers liable to be used for personal or party ends. And we cannot remember a legislative measure that presented just these odious features in so impudently defiant a manner as this Raines liquor-tax bill does. Even a fair excise or liquor-tax law in any manner increasing the burdens to be borne by the liquor business would have very strong and active influences against it. These influences of the liquor trade, however, might in such a case be heavily overbalanced by a public sentiment in favor of public morals. But the Raines bill, with its multifarious assortment of abominations, provokes the opposition of the liquor interest and of the moral sentiment of the community at the same time, and can therefore, if enacted into law, not fail to arouse against the party responsible for it an unusual combination of resentful forces. As a party measure it is one of the most suicidal contrivances we have ever seen.

If it passes both Houses of the Legislature in any shape like the present, Governor Morton will find himself face to face with a peculiarly trying situation. That his judgment will approve of the measure we can hardly imagine. But Boss Platt will give him to understand that his, the Governor's, nomination for the Presidency will depend upon his signing this bill. That signature, or the refusal to give it, will be decisive of the estimation in which Mr. Morton's character will be held by his fellow-citizens. He will do well to familiarize himself as soon as possible with the thought that there is a very sad day in store for him next June, when the telegraph announcing the nominations made by the Republican National Convention will convince him that he has been cruelly duped by the political tricksters who now pretend to be his friends, to the end of using him for their own selfish purposes. What stings of remorseful anguish there will then be in the discovery that he has not only failed to win the glittering prize, but that in the vain chase after it he has thrown away the esteem of his countrymen, which he might easily have kept had he remained true to the public good and to himself! Mr. Morton cannot give himself to such reflections too soon.

IMPOTENT AND DISINGENUOUS RESOLUTIONS.

THE resolutions that have passed the Houses of Congress touching the Cuban insurrection are impotent and disingenuous. If Senator Sherman and some of the other advocates of the resolutions really believe what they said in debate, they might be warranted in urging war against Spain in the interests of humanity, but there is no reason whatever, at least none was given, for insisting that the insurgents are entitled to be recognized as belligerents.

As they passed, the two resolutions were merely expressions of opinion by the two Houses. Both bodies agreed that "a state of public war exists," and both asserted that the United States should observe "a strict neutrality" between the belligerents. The Senate advised the President to offer to the Spanish government the "friendly offices of the United States" looking to the "recognition of the independence of Cuba." The House deplored the war and its attendant evils, and expressed the opinion that it would be for the interest of Spain, of Cuba, and of other nations if an independent Cuban government should be established. It further asserted that the United States should be "prepared to protect the legitimate interests of Americans [in Cuba] by intervention if necessary."

We say that the supporters of these resolutions (64 to 6 in the Senate and 263 to 17 in the House) were not honest with themselves nor with the country. If they were, they must have believed not only that the situation in Cuba constitutes a state of war, but that the facts have long been patent to the President, and that his refusal to act and to recognize the obvious truth is immediately dangerous to American interests, and that the cause of humanity itself demands that there shall be no further delay in granting recognition of belligerency. Believing this, the two Houses would have at once adopted the same resolution. Moreover, this would not have been a concurrent resolution, on which the President cannot act; it would have been a joint resolution, which would extort from the President either a veto or a proclamation recognizing belligerency. The truth seems to be that nearly all the members of the two Houses were willing to express an impotent opinion, but were not willing to force a declaration from the only power that can utter it. This firing off of meaningless resolutions must have been deliberate, because it followed a conference between Mr. Hitt, the chairman of the House Foreign Affairs Committee, and Senators Sherman and Lodge. It is well to note that the differences between the two resolutions will give the warrior legislators time to hear from the country.

There was not a scrap of official evidence of the fact of belligerency before Congress when the resolutions were adopted. On December 28 the House passed a resolution calling on the Secretary of State for "copies of all correspondence relating to affairs in Cuba since February last." The reply to this resolution was sent to the House by Mr. Cleveland on the 11th of February, 1896. In it the "progress of the insurrection" is shown by the letters of our consul-general at Havana, and other consular officers in Cuba, down to January 16 of this year. In all this correspondence there is not a particle of proof that the insurgents have a government, or that any facts exist that entitle them to recognition as belligerents. So far as the interests of American citizens in the island are concerned, this correspondence shows that the Spaniards have been doing their utmost to protect the property of Americans against the assaults of the insurgents who were burning it. There is absolutely no evidence in the document touching Spanish cruelty. Although this reply had been before Congress, in the form of a printed document, for some days, no champion of the Cubans saw fit to state its purport. Not one of them gave to either House any authority for the assertion that a "state of public war exists" in Cuba.

Besides this, while the speeches in the Senate and the House that mean anything at all do not warrant a declaration of belligerency, they might sustain a declaration of war if we are prepared to take up arms in the general cause of humanity, and if the statements in them were trustworthy. Senator Sherman's speech is typical of all the speeches that were not merely loose talk. He called a witness, and undertook to prove that Captain-General Weyler "is a demon rather than a general." This may be true. It may be that Weyler intends to shoot down insurrectionists at sight on the theory that they are bandits, but Mr. Sherman did not offer one particle of evidence that Weyler has been guilty of "barbarous atrocity" or "inhuman cruelty" since he has been on the island this time. Nor did any Senator or Representative who supported Mr. Sherman offer such proof. Mr. Sherman himself read from a newspaper translation of a book by Enrique Donderio. This translation pretends to give an account of most horrible atrocities committed by Weyler when he was a subordinate Spanish officer during the uprising in Cuba of 1868–78. If Weyler is such a wretch as he is here described to be it is a pity that he has been permitted to exist. But Mr. Sherman would not convict a man of petty larceny on the unsupported testimony of a newspaper translation of a book written by a man who may have been dominated by a hostile animus against the accused. Nor even, if he were sure of his witness, would he declare the accused guilty in 1896 because he stole at some time between 1868 and 1878. And yet Mr. Sherman proposes not only that Weyler shall be condemned on such testimony, but that on the same testimony Spain shall be judged unworthy to retain the government of the island of Cuba.

If we are to read the resolutions and the debate together, the conclusion is forced upon us that Congress has declared that a "state of public war exists" because Weyler was inhuman, and was called "the Butcher" when he was in Cuba twenty years ago. It is clear, then, that the men who advocated these resolutions do not believe their own solemn assertions. They know that war, within the mean-

ing of international law, does not exist. Nor are we impressed with the feeling that Mr. Sherman and his associates are very much horrified by the evidence that Weyler was a barbarian and a "demon" twenty years ago. If they were, and if they believed that the Spanish government placed him in command in Cuba to subdue the insurrection by murder and nameless outrages, they would not have ineffectively asked for a recognition of belligerency; they would have demanded that Spain and its mediæval monster be driven off the island as soon as our war-ships could be sent on that beneficent errand.

Out of their own mouths are they condemned. These politicians are "playing politics" in grave international affairs. They are afraid to face the logical consequences of their contentions, and are trying to be as insolent as may be to Spain without actually precipitating war. They are, most of them, afraid to face the domestic issues that confront them, and they hope to distract the attention of the voters from those issues by crying out for blood in the much-abused name of humanity. There is no truth and no wisdom in them.

THE ENGLISH CHURCH IN LEGISLATION.

A new and striking fact has become evident in connection with the session of the English Parliament which opened a few days ago. The Church of England is seeking to become an active factor in legislation. Since parliaments have existed the Church has been directly represented in them in the person of the bishops; and from the revolution of 1688 until the present time the Church has been active in legislation which concerned ecclesiastical interests. But the legislation it is now seeking to advance is of a different character from that with which it has hitherto been identified. In the eighteenth century its continuous aim in Parliament was to retain religious tests, or to impose new ones upon non-conformists; and since tests came to an end, the legislative activity of the Church has been confined to measures dealing with tithes, Church discipline, and Church patronage. Now, however, and for the first time in its history, the Church is committing itself to a legislative programme of a more general character, and is concerning itself with Parliamentary measures of a different kind from those which hitherto have had their origin on the bishops' benches in the House of Lords.

Education and the liquor trade are the subjects to which the Church is now turning its attention. As concerns education, it has already got the Salisbury government on its side, and before the session comes to an end the Church day schools are to receive further large grants from the imperial Treasury. The non-conformists and the advocates of a general system of undenominational day schools are strenuously opposing this new claim of the Church; but Lord Salisbury months ago made it evident that he intended to ignore the protests of the non-conformists, and to satisfy to the full the claim of the Church that its schools should be supported out of public funds. The Church is thus to obtain all that it is asking for its schools, and will succeed in perpetuating for another generation the nondescript and unsatisfactory school system which was set up by Mr. Gladstone and the late Mr. Forster in 1870.

On the question of reforming the system of licensing the liquor trade, the Church has been as strenuous as on the subject of religious education; but in this matter it has met with a serious rebuff. Parliament had hardly settled down to work when a deputation of ten bishops waited on Lord Salisbury, as Premier, and Mr. Balfour, as leader of the House of Commons, to ask the government to enter upon the work of licensing reform. The bishops were moderate in their demands, and asked for no great comprehensive measure to be carried through Parliament in a single session. They wanted the government from time to time to address themselves to licensing reform, and gradually to bring about a reduction in the number of drinking-places; the registration of social clubs; the closing of public-houses on Sunday; the prohibition of the sale of drink to young children; to establish administrative authorities for the enforcement of the licensing laws; and the enactment of further measures for the restraint and care of habitual drunkards.

The Bishops of London and Durham each emphasized the need of reform on these lines, and then, much to the amazement of the deputation and of the moderate school of licensing reformers whom the deputation represented, both Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour told them point-blank that the government would do nothing. Neither the Premier nor the leader of the House of Commons disputed the need of reform. Their case was that licensing was an exceedingly difficult question to handle; that on previous occasions since 1870 both a Liberal and a Tory government had found themselves embarrassed when they had attempted to overhaul the licensing system; and that for the safety and peace of the government the question was best left alone. The incident is a proof of the assertion that has often been made, that Lord Salisbury is not a master-hand at constructive statesmanship, and that he habitually shrinks from entering upon work of this character. For the Church the rebuff from the Premier was most discouraging. There is nothing to hinder the bishops in the House of Lords from acting on their own initiative on licensing questions; but they can have little hope of securing reform, even by piecemeal legislation, when the government is thus firmly determined not to reopen the question.

MILITARY DRILL IN THE SCHOOLS.

Senator Carter has introduced a bill "to establish a bureau of military education and to promote the adoption of uniform drill in the public schools of the several States and Territories." This bill provides for the establishment, within the War Department at Washington, of a "bureau of military education." It is to be conducted by an officer of the army, with such assistance from officers and clerks of the department as may be necessary for the prompt and efficient execution of the act. The officer at the head of the bureau is to prepare a text-book of drill regulations, with the view of making the drill taught in the public schools of the country uniform, and identical with that obtaining in the regular army. This text-book is to be distributed "free of charge on the written request of boards of education and directors of the public schools, or on the request of Senators and Representatives in Congress, under such rules and regulations as the Secretary of War may approve." The expenses of the bureau are to be defrayed from the contingent fund of the department.

We have been asked by the Superintendent of the Physical Culture Department of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union to petition Congress against the passage of this bill. We cannot consent to do this, and as the request comes from a source so eminently respectable, from a body of earnest women engaged in the noble work of promoting temperance, we deem it to be both courteous and proper to state briefly some of the reasons for our refusal.

In the first place, the bill does not impose military drill upon our public schools. The question as to the adoption of drill as part of the school course is left to the local school authorities. The opposite proposition would be unconstitutional. This one recognizes the fact that in many of our schools the pupils are now drilled, and its author suggests, wisely we think, that wherever military exercises are taught they shall be those in which the soldiers of the regular army are instructed. Certainly this is well, for some day, when these boys are men, they may be called upon to defend their country, and then it will be important that the drill they have learned at school shall be the drill of the army.

Moreover, we have no sympathy with the opposition sometimes expressed to military training. We do not believe that because a man or a nation is prepared for self-defence he or it thereby becomes a bully. Thirty-five years ago there was no citizen of the North who would not have been glad if more of our young men had been taught at school the simple art of drill. Thousands of lives and millions of treasure would have been saved, and the war would have been shorter. Aside from the practical aspect of the matter, too, we believe in manly physical exercise for the youth of the country. The other day a distinguished clergyman spoke of military drill, foot-ball, and other physical sports as brutalizing. There is no truth in this. Manly sports are humanizing. They develop courage, truthfulness, self-reliance, self-restraint, respect for worthy antagonists, fair play—character, in short. On the other hand, the soft muscles of the pale neurotic youth too often foster the meanest traits of the human mind. They induce to shiftiness, evasion, subterfuge, and mendacity. In nine cases out of ten it is the boy with the healthy body, a body that has been exercised in contentions with his fellow-boys, who is not cruel, nor a backbiter, nor a telltale, whose impulses are generous, and who is best fitted to cope squarely and honestly with the world.

To the making of a good man military drill contributes along with other athletic pursuits. And among the traits especially developed by it are the fine virtues of discipline, self-repression, and courtesy.

TO SUPPRESS THEFT.

The playwrights of the country are asking Congress for the passage of an act which will adequately protect them and their property from robbery. At present there is only a theoretical protection for the author of a play. He has his copyright and his common-law rights, it is true, but they cannot be effectively enforced.

If a play is successful, dishonest managers set about stealing it with a cynical disregard of the laws, both human and moral, that is born and bred of long usage. It has become the custom to steal plays, and often there are several companies in the country playing stolen versions of the same successful play and robbing the author of his profits.

It is true that the despoiled author can obtain an injunction from the Circuit Court of the United States. But the injunction can be enforced only in the circuits or territory over which the judge granting the writ has jurisdiction. The despoiler with his company is able to go into the adjoining jurisdiction and there produce the stolen play and rob the author until a new injunction is obtained. The process of prevention is not only expensive and troublesome to the author, but it is ineffective. It does not break up the trade of dramatic piracy.

The dramatic authors have for some years been trying to obtain from Congress a law that would recognize and remedy the wrong that is thus done them, and there is now pending a bill that seems sufficient to accomplish their object. By a simple provision amendatory of the existing law it is proposed to make an injunction restraining the presentation of a protected play effective in every part of the United States. In other words, if this bill pass, one injunction will be sufficient to suppress one stolen play. Of course the party to be restrained is to be permitted to move for a dissolution of the injunction in any circuit in which its enforcement is sought, just as he may move for a dissolution in the circuit where the writ was originally granted.

In the interest of common honesty, as well as of the dignity of the courts of the United States, whose one command should be made sufficient, this bill for the suppression of theft ought to be passed. Congress, it is reported, is not to be permitted to indulge in general legislation, but the edict to this effect, we imagine, is based upon the fear that if the floodgates were open, dangerous questions, questions upon which Presidential candidates fear to express an opinion, might be introduced, and might lead to unpleasant debate, and perhaps to unpleasant conclusions. But surely a simple bill intended to make effective the laws that bestow rights of property upon dramatic authors cannot be dangerous to the most timid of candidates. This bill might be named "A Bill to promote Respect for the Law." No one can refuse to further such an object.

PHILIP J. A. HARPER.

Philip Jacob Arcularius Harper, who was born in New York on October 21, 1824, died at his home in Hempstead, Long Island, March 6, 1896.

Mr. Harper was the eldest son of the late Mayor James Harper, one of the founders and the senior member of the firm of Harper & Brothers. The original house was that of J. & J. Harper, and was composed of the two elder brothers, James and John Harper, the first born in 1795, the other in 1797. The association of the two brothers dates back from 1817. It was in 1833 that the two youngest brothers, Joseph Wesley and Fletcher, entered the firm, and the name of the house then adopted, and which it has ever since borne, was that of Harper & Brothers.

Mr. Philip Harper was educated at a well-known school of the past, the instructors being Forrest and Mulligan. When he was eighteen he found employment in the house of Harper & Brothers, where his intelligence and faithfulness were at once conspicuous. James Harper, the senior member, died in 1869, when the son became a member of the firm, and most worthily filled his father's place.

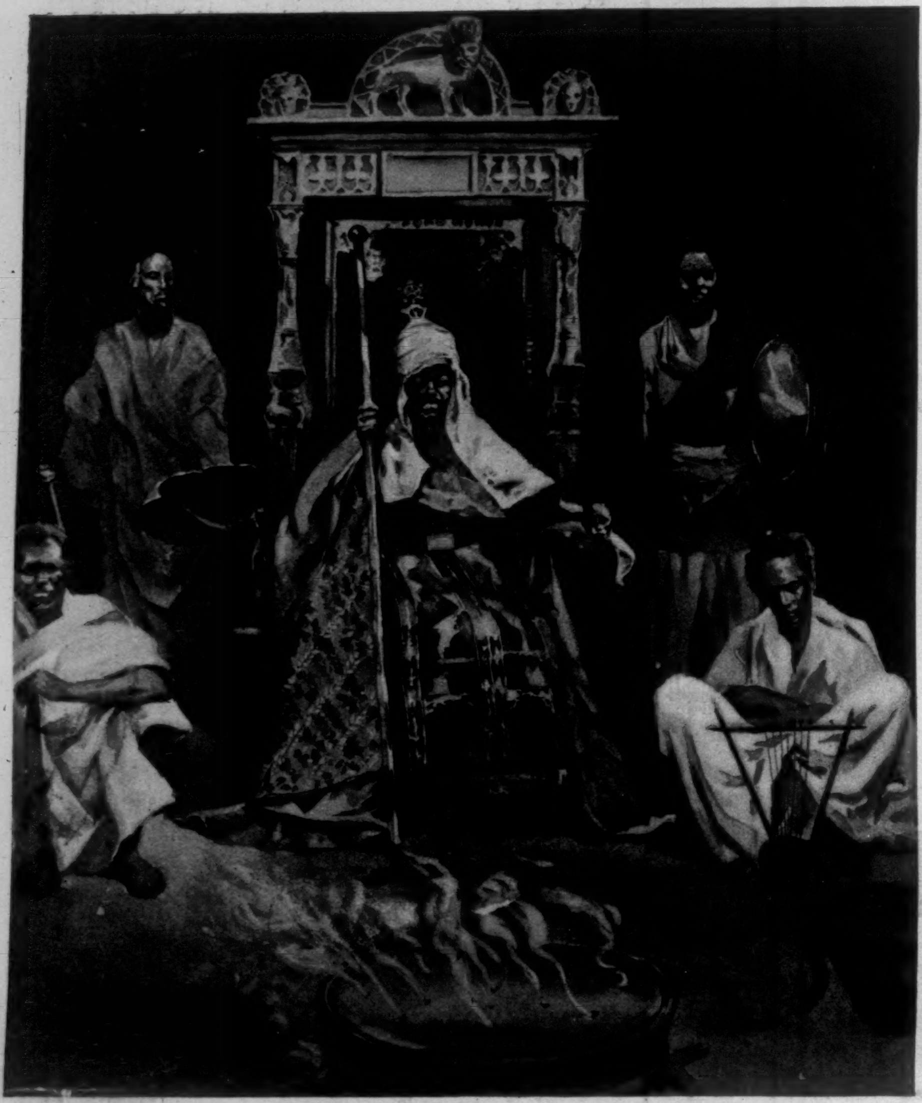
In 1846 Mr. Philip Harper married Miss Harriet Mead, the daughter of Mr. Ralph Mead, one of New York's oldest merchants. In 1856 Mrs. Harper died, leaving an only son, the present Mr. James Harper, who succeeded his father on his retirement in 1890. In 1859 Mr. Philip Harper married Miss Augusta M. Thorne, and from that time Mr. and Mrs. Harper have lived at the old Thorne mansion at Hempstead, Long Island.

Up to the last six years Mr. Philip Harper occupied himself with the business of the house. He was most assiduous and painstaking, never neglecting any of his many duties. Devoting his attention largely to the various branches of manufacture, he was familiar with all their details, and being gifted with an excellent memory, he knew by name nearly all of the many employees. The custom of recognizing long service and faithfulness Mr. Philip Harper particularly respected. He was ever ready to help those who through accident or misfortune were in need of his personal services. His charities were numerous.

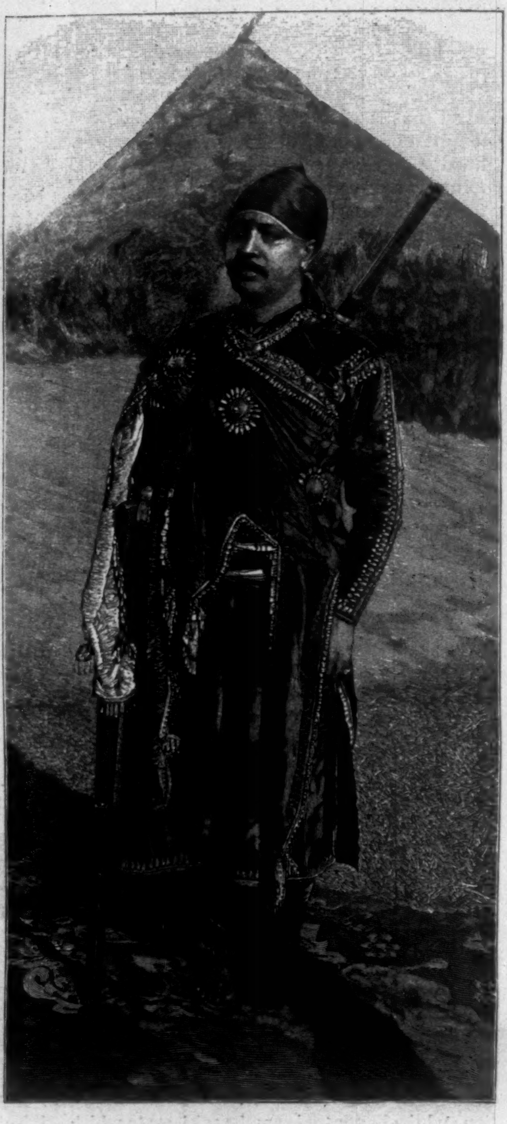
Though public attention invariably is called forth when a man is engaged in an important business, Mr. Harper always avoided such notoriety. Many places of dignity and trust were offered him, but he declined such honors. He was, however, elected Trustee of the village of Hempstead for not less than nine terms, in five of which he acted as President. His last term of service was in 1886. Many resolutions presented and accepted by the Hempstead Board of Trustees record his probity and generosity. When Mr. Philip Harper retired, passing on the work to younger hands, the incoming President, recalling Mr. Harper's many years of service, thanked him for "his liberality in erecting at his own individual cost those most elaborate and beautiful buildings for the entire Fire Department, and for his devotedness and kindly acts of beneficence."

Mr. Harper was much interested in Masonry, and was for twenty-five years the Treasurer of Morton Lodge No. 63, of Hempstead, which Lodge is one of the oldest in the State. Mr. Harper had been one of the officers of the Methodist Church for many years, and was a member of the John Street Methodist Church of New York, and in his young days formed a part of the choir.

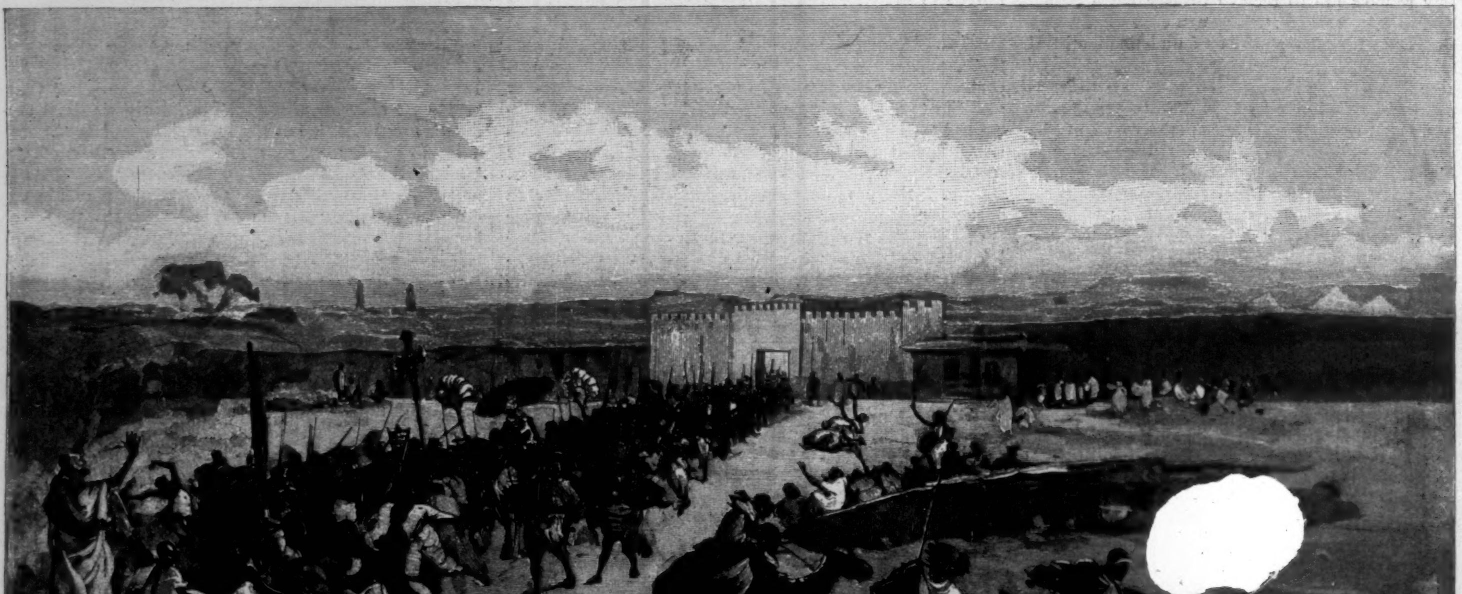
Though Mr. Harper had many warm friends, and never was happier than when associating with them, he was of a retiring disposition and little inclined to join in general society. His life was a methodical one, and such relaxation as he delighted in he found in his own immediate home circle. In all respects he was a model of piety, integrity, and charity, and fashioned after the type of the good old past. Mr. Harper had been in poor health for several years preceding his death.



MENELEK II., KING OF ABYSSINIA.



RAS MANGASCIA,
Governor of the Province of Tigré, Son of the late Emperor Johannes.



PROCESSION OF ABYSSINIANS COMING THROUGH THE FALUK GATE (BAB EL FALUK) OF THE CITY OF HARRAR.

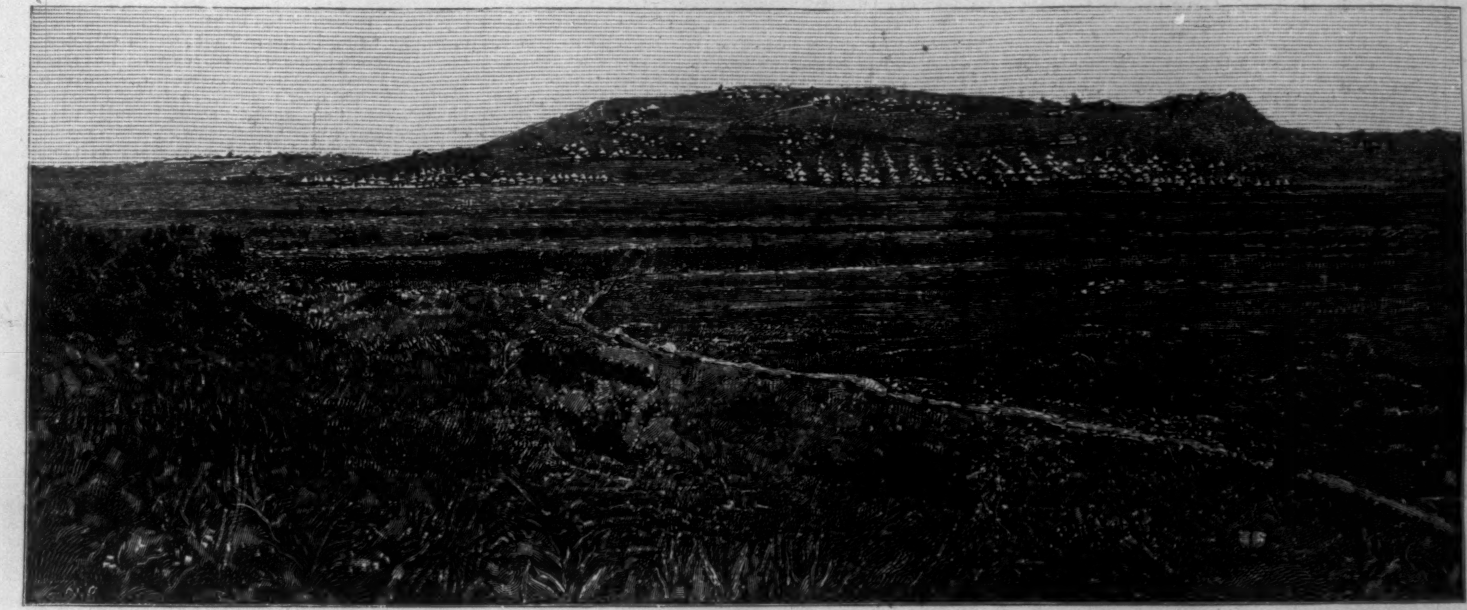
THE ITALIAN CAMPAIGN IN ABYSSINIA.—[SEE PAGE 247.]

GENERAL ORESTE BARATIERI,
In command of the Italian Forces in Abyssinia.

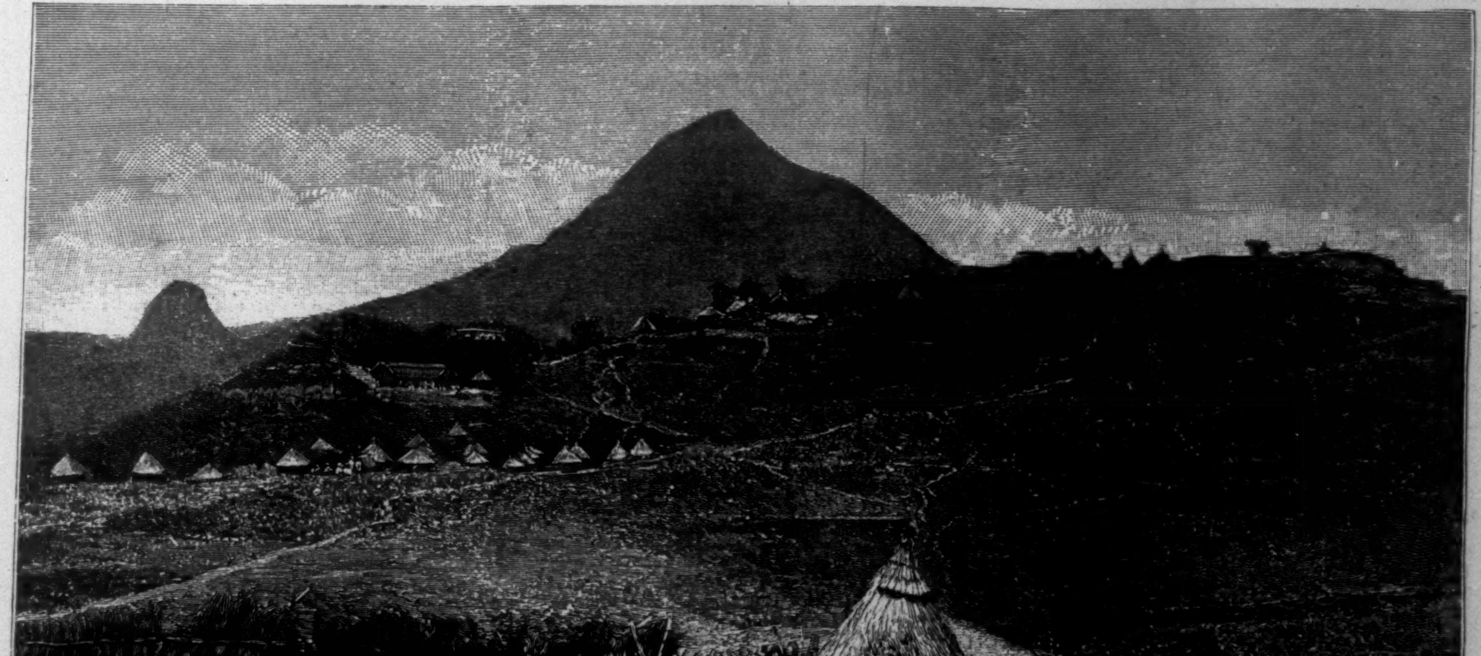
COLONEL GIUSEPPE GALLIANO,
Killed or captured in the Battle of Adowa.

GENERAL MATTEO ALBERTONE,
Killed or captured in the Battle of Adowa.

RAS MACONNEN,
Viceroy of Abyssinia and Governor of the Province of Harrar.



VIEW FROM THE NORTH OF THE FORTIFIED ITALIAN CAMP AT ADOWA, CAPTURED BY THE ABYSSINIANS.



VIEW FROM THE SOUTH OF THE FORTIFIED ITALIAN CAMP AT ADOWA, CAPTURED BY THE ABYSSINIANS.

THE ITALIAN CAMPAIGN IN ABYSSINIA.—[SEE PAGE 247.]

LIFE AND LETTERS

TWO or three weeks ago I ventured to express in this place what seems to be a very widespread discontent with the excessive price of seats at the theatres. Letters from different parts of the country have come urging me to continue my championship of cheaper seats, and one correspondent calls my attention to the fact that a theatre in Boston has flourished this winter upon first-class English opera at from twenty-five to seventy-five cents a seat. Another writes me saying that he is "a poor man, a lover of good plays and good books, but must often stay away from the presentation of a meritorious play because the price of a seat will buy a book and more genuine enjoyment"; and the purpose of the present paper is to persuade other readers to make his wise choice between the theatre and literature.

I.

The best seat at a theatre ought not to be more than seventy-five cents, which is the price at that exemplary theatre in Boston. In Venice I used to get a box for half a dollar, paying seventeen cents more for admission, and I saw the best opera for that money. The Austrian officers went in the orchestra for thirty cents; but this was at a theatre subsidized by the government, such as I believe we ought to have. Even at our private theatres, however, a dollar is more than any performance is worth, and I think that when more is asked the intending purchaser will do well to turn from the box-office and buy a book.

If I said a novel, I might accuse myself of an interested motive in this suggestion, but I have said a book, and it might very well be a volume of essays, or poems, or criticisms, or historical studies, or biographical sketches; there are delightful volumes in all these sorts. But probably the book would be a novel, a new novel, and there are ninety-nine chances out of a hundred that it would give the purchaser more pleasure than a play which would cost half a dollar more. Besides, when he had once read it, he would still have it, and could enjoy it again and again without additional cost, while a ticket for the theatre is good for but one performance. The pleasure of the book would probably be prolonged through several evenings, perhaps through the evenings of a week, and one would not have to quit one's own fireside, or register, or radiator, and freeze or slop forth through frosty or rainy weather, and sit cramped through a three hours' constraint, with the inevitable exposure to draughts, as one must if one went to the play instead. No guaranty would indeed be sold with the book, but the chances would be overwhelmingly against one's having a large hat with towering feathers interposed between one and the printed page, while it would be altogether likely that some such monstrosity would shut off one's view of the stage. When the curtain fell upon the action in the book, one would not have to scramble out into the cold or wet again, and fare home in the crowded surface cars or elevated train. One would not have to deny or to indulge one's self in a late supper. One would not have stirred from one's snug library. When one closed the book one would have lain down to the agreeable slumbers of an undisturbed digestion. A biscuit and a bit of cheese, a glass of wine or milk, a pipe or a cigar, or more wisely none of these, but only the satisfactory remembrance of dinner, would comfort and support in the transition from one sort of dream to the other.

II.

It may be said that I paint here a solitary and a selfish pleasure, but it need not be so. I was thinking, when I began these desultory suggestions, that I might commend the social side of the pleasure quite as effectively. I had it in mind to ask young people especially to consider whether they could not get as much joy of each other's company over a book as at a play. We all know that they go to the play together for the joy of each other's company, and very little for the sake of the play, if at all. Why, then, could not a young gentleman arrange to come with a charming novel and read to a young lady two or three hours upon an appointed evening? They could both dress as if for the theatre, but the young gentleman could leave his cumbersome overcoat in the hall, and the young lady need not wear her hat. As no young man now asks a young woman in good society to go to the theatre without asking a chaperon too, I should be zealous for the presence of the young lady's mother, or aunt, or other matronly protectress at this imaginary reading. But I should not mind her going off to sleep now and then, when the author prosed a bit, for I think it a great hardship for all concerned that she cannot drowse at the theatre. The conditions of an evening of this sort would reduce the sufferings of chaperonage in every way; and a young man who could ill afford four dollars for two places at the theatre would not have to spend six in a due observance of the proprieties. He must often abhor to do this.

The pleasures of such an evening could be enlarged to a still greater number of people. Suppose that instead of giving a theatre-party, a young matron ambitious of social distinction and popularity could give, say, a novel-party. She could provide the book, and some one could be chosen to read it, and after dinner, when the gentlemen had rejoined the ladies in the drawing-room, the reading could begin. A wait could take place between chapters, when some one could play or sing, or people could dance, or act charades, or have conundrums; in the waits toward the end ices could be passed, and opportunities afforded at all times for general or special conversation.

I am sure the reader must agree with me that this suggestion opens a prospect of many pleasing and useful possibilities. For instance, people in society, who are now supposed to be acquainted with current literature, and who have the greatest difficulty in concealing that they know it only from reviews, or even hearsay, could actually learn something about it. We should all get to talking about books again, and leave off talking about plays, which are now so wearisomely conversed upon in the dearth of politer topics. A great improvement of taste would ensue, and libraries would begin to be formed in houses where books are now seldom seen and never read. When a young gentleman had read a book to a young lady he could present her with it, and perhaps give a copy to the chaperon too. At novel-parties, such as I have fancied, it would be very pretty if the hostess gave each guest a copy of the book. It would not cost half so much as carriages and places at the theatre.

III.

But I really look less to the pecuniary than to the æsthetical advantage of the community, in a revulsion from the theatre to the novel. It must be a very poor novel indeed that is not better artistically than a very good play. The standard of fiction is incomparably lower for the stage than for the novel. In fact, the stage is for the most part wearing the cast-off clothes of the novel: worn-out types, characters with the stuffing gone, threadbare incidents, ragged motives, tattered plots, patched sentiments, and down-at-the-heels ideals. The sort of thing that would cause the instant rejection of a story by an editor or publisher is not only tolerated but sought after by the manager. The kind of intrigue that would be thought too childish for a child's book will often make the fortune of a play. In fact, although the new English drama is intellectual and artistic in encouraging degree, and the American work at its best is sweet and natural, both are divided by almost impassable distances from the best English and American fiction, as a whole; so that when one says a good play, one means something much worse than a good novel. He means something whose weakness you must tolerate for the sake of its nascent virtues; which you must help along with your sympathy, and must make-believe about as the little ones do about their plays. If I say that so robust, so faithful, and so fine a story as, for example, His Father's Son, is wholly unimaginable for the theatre, I impart some faint conception of the difference between the drama and the novel, as we have them.

W. D. HOWELLS.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM CUBA.

THE SACKING OF JARUCO.

IT was eleven o'clock, and I had been waiting for the train since 6.45 A.M., its scheduled time. But the company has given up running trains on scheduled time, and as there is but a single track between Matanzas and Havana, and the telegraph lines were all down, there was no chance of leaving Regla until the arrival of the Matanzas train, which was supposed to have left Matanzas, a distance of sixty miles, the day before. Finally it was decided to send an exploring engine in search of the missing train. About noon the explorers returned with another explorer in its wake, and behind that the train from Matanzas, with a crowd of hungry and weary passengers, glad to have escaped a wreck or an attack by the rebels.

It was nearly five o'clock before our "explorer," loaded with soldiers, led the way, and our train pulled out of the station. We passed through a magnificent country, fringed with groves of the royal palm, with here and there a rude cabin, a towerlike fort, or a field of cane. Our first stop was at the station of Las Minas, which was in ashes. Campo Florida came next, which had also been burned, then followed San Miguel, which was still smoking. It was night when our train drew up at the station of Jaruco. I now learned that the city was at a distance of one kilometre from the station, and that the alcalde was on hand to accompany us there, as we might not be allowed to pass the forfifications without his assistance. Presently the alcalde appeared, and mounting his horse, gave the word to follow. We had not gone very far before a shrill voice called out for us to halt; then we were kept waiting till the alcalde rode forward to give the necessary explanations to the guard, when we were allowed to continue. We passed a little octagonal tower, called a fort, when we were again challenged, ordered to halt, then advance.

After passing a second line of soldiers we entered a barricaded street, on both sides of which loomed up the broken walls of former houses, which told at once how the true state of affairs was suppressed by the government. Here was a city which had been sacked and burned by the enemy, the embers of which were still smouldering, yet the official report read that Maceo had attacked the city and burned a few thatched houses, that the military commander having had previous notice of the intended attack sent troops to its defence, and that the enemy had been repulsed with great losses.

On one corner was an edifice which had escaped the general conflagration. The alcalde pointed to this as our only hope as he turned and spurred his horse up the street, leaving the crowd to make a wild rush into what had the semblance of a dining-room. There were cries for food and beds, as a fat man, in a flimsy shirt with a basket under his arm, answered by holding up a little round flat cake as a sample of the only bread to be had.

As we were informed that beds in Jaruco were as scarce as houses, we decided to return in a body to the railroad station after our scrappy meal, and to take possession of the cars which had brought us from Regla.

Day dawned bright and beautiful, and after taking a cup of coffee in company with a number of gentlemen of various shades of color, I returned to Jaruco, where I was met by a number of homeless citizens, who, regardless of General Weyler's order, proceeded to give their account of the sacking and burning of the city.

Maceo, with six thousand men, arrived upon the outskirts of Jaruco shortly after nightfall, and pitched his camp in a field to the south of the city, where he remained with the bulk of his army, it being estimated that only about fifteen hundred were actually engaged in plundering the city. The insurgents were well informed of the actual defences of the city, and were already in the streets of Jaruco at nine o'clock when they raised the cry of "Viva Cuba libre!" They were answered by "Alerta" from the various sentinels on duty, who were apparently at a loss to know what to do. Then there was a general fusillading, after which no one seemed to know exactly what had happened, save that the insurgents had possession of the city until daylight, during which time they carried off all the clothing they could find, attacked the jail and liberated twenty-four prisoners, plundered the public treasury, and burned down one hundred and thirty-eight well-constructed lime and stone buildings. It was estimated that they had carried off $50,000 in money, an equal amount in merchandise, and that property to the extent of half a million dollars had been destroyed. These are the figures given me by the citizens, who did not hesitate to denounce the military commanders, whom they held responsible for all this destruction. The city was supposed to be protected by three little forts—one on the east, one on the west, and another on the north end of the town, while the road entering the city from the south was entirely undefended. The fort at the west end of the town was surrendered to the insurgents, who announced the fact by posting a notice on the door. It is claimed that they took the eight soldiers prisoners; however, they were missing after the insurgents abandoned their conquest.

I spent the greater part of the day in rambling about the city and photographing what I judged to be of interest. I found the soldiers only too anxious to pose before the camera, and the officers as well as the citizens always ready to answer my questions, however their views might conflict. To one man, who was lamenting the ruin of the city and the carelessness of the military officials, I said, "Why, it was reported in Havana that the soldiers made a heroic defence."

"So they did, señor, but that was up there in the cemetery."

Anxious to know what kind of place the cemetery could be to merit such a heroic defence, I climbed a hill at the back of the town on which the cemetery was located. It consisted of an enclosed square, with high walls, and was practically impregnable except to a force armed with artillery. From the top of the hill I could see columns of smoke rising in the distance, which was undoubtedly the destruction of more property by the insurgents. Surrounding the city were fields of cane and groves of palms, and as I looked over the fertile country I could not help but think what a paradise it might be under the guidance of a good government, with wise laws well administered.

As I noticed several houses standing in the midst of ruins I inquired why such houses had escaped the general destruction. Various were the reasons given. Some claimed that the insurgents carried a list of the property which was to be destroyed, as well as a list of that which was to be respected, while the owners claimed that their property had been saved by imploring the insurgents not to destroy it. I met one man, who pointed out to me the ruins of six houses.

"These were mine," he said; "and after they had set fire to these, and were setting fire to the only house I had left, I told the rebel chief that I was ruined, that I had nothing but the clothes on my back and this one house. 'Well, we will save you this one,' he said, and immediately gave orders to extinguish the fire."

Among others, I met a young man who had traded coats with an insurgent. He exhibited the result of his trade—a coarse black jacket lined with sack-cloth. He thought it might be worth about one dollar, whereas, he added, with a laugh, his coat had cost him fourteen dollars and he had worn it but twice. Among all the people who had suffered losses I did not meet one shedding tears or who had the appearance of having shed any. One old woman, whose little straw house in the suburbs had been reduced to ashes, laughed as she pointed to the gray spot as being the remains of all she possessed, and then, laughing again, she told how she lost her presence of mind and ran away, hiding herself in the bushes, whereas if she had only placed a light on her table and remained at home she would not have suffered any injury, for that was a sort of sign of friendship recognized by the rebels. It was reported that Maceo was very much provoked at the destruction of the houses of the poorer people, as it was understood that their property was to be respected.

As I was gathering my information and taking pictures I was saluted by a lieutenant, who requested to show me the heroic defence made by his command. He took me to the cuartel of the Guardia Civil, and explained to me how he with eight volunteers and four *guardas* had defended that particular locality for seven hours. Indeed, they had done well, for that particular block had not been damaged by the insurgents. The lieutenant said that the rebels had charged up the street, calling them "dogs of the Queen," and defying them to come out from behind their barricade. Then the lieutenant showed me the marks of the bullets fired by his men in the walls of the opposite houses. These marks were about fifteen feet from the sidewalk, and accounted for the small loss to the insurgents, which as far as known consisted of one dead and one mortally wounded. On the Spanish side one soldier was killed. Other than the destruction of property, there were no outrages committed in the sacking of Jaruco by the insurgents.

THOMAS R. DAWLEY, JUN.

CONGRESS AND CUBAN BELLIGERENCY.

THE passage of resolutions by both Houses of Congress favoring the recognition of the Cubans as belligerents has led to a distinctly hostile feeling against the United States by the people of Spain and to an unfriendly attitude by many of the Spanish officials. Rioters insulted our flag in Barcelona and stoned our consulate. Whether it was desirable on the ground of selfish policy alone for us as a nation to recognize the efforts of the Cubans to gain independence, there was little doubt that Congress sooner or later would at least pass resolutions of sympathy. As soon as the sessions of Congress began, resolutions of various grades and kinds, some merely sympathetic and others stronger, going practically to the extent of declaring war with Spain in order to set the Cubans free, were presented for consideration. For a time no action was taken. Doubt as to the actual value to the Cubans themselves, as to the effect on American interests there, and caution as to the results to us as a people, no doubt caused this hesitation.

Then General Weyler, with the memory of his former record in Cuba as a "butcher" still fresh, came to Cuba and issued proclamations that were interpreted to mean that he would employ uncivilized methods of warfare in putting down the revolution. That hastened action. There were eight resolutions in the Senate on the situation in

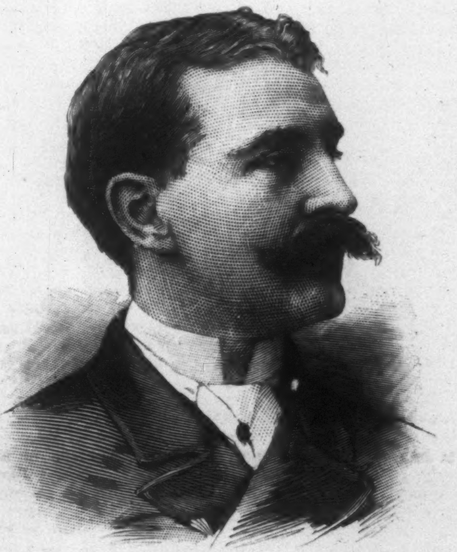
Cuba on Saturday, February 29th. The Committee on Foreign Relations condensed them into this:

"*Resolved, by the Senate, the House of Representatives concurring,* That, in the opinion of Congress, a condition of public war exists between the government of Spain and the government proclaimed and for some time maintained by force of arms by the people of Cuba; and that the United States of America should maintain a strict neutrality between the contending powers, according to each all the rights of belligerents in the ports and territory of the United States.

"*Resolved, further,* That the friendly offices of the United States should be offered by the President to the Spanish government for the recognition of the independence of Cuba."

After four hours of debate the resolutions were adopted by a vote of 64 to 6. Three Republicans and three Democrats opposed them. The resolutions were made "concurrent," rather than "joint," because it has been the custom not to send "concurrent" resolutions to the President for approval. By adopting concurrent resolutions the administration was not bound to take action. The resolutions were therefore merely an expression of opinion and of sympathy by the body that passed them. The action by the Senate spurred the leaders of the House of Representatives to action, but it was decided to wait until the following Monday.

The passage of the Senate resolutions caused an outbreak in Spain on the next day, Sunday, March 1st. In Madrid twenty thousand persons made a demonstration on the streets, but the police held them in check. Minister Taylor asked for no guard, but the crowds were not permitted to go near the United States legation. In Barcelona a mob of ten thousand made two attacks on the United States consulate. In the afternoon they broke the windows with stones, and in the evening they destroyed the coat of arms over the door, trailed our flag in the streets, and tore it to pieces. Gendarmes with drawn swords put them to flight.



HERBERT WOLCOTT BOWEN,
United States Consul at Barcelona.

Spain promptly sent an apology, but the House of Representatives was more determined than ever to pass resolutions favoring the recognition of the belligerency of the Cubans. The Committee on Foreign Affairs presented this for consideration:

"*Resolved, by the House of Representatives, the Senate concurring,* That in the opinion of Congress a state of public war exists in Cuba, the parties to which are entitled to belligerent rights, and the United States should observe a strict neutrality between the belligerents.

"*Resolved,* That Congress deplores the destruction of life and property caused by the war now waging in that island, and believing that the only permanent solution of the contest, equally in the interest of Spain, the people of Cuba, and other nations, would be in the establishment of a government by the choice of the people of Cuba, it is the sense of Congress that the government of the United States should use its good offices and friendly influence to that end.

"*Resolved,* That the United States has not intervened in struggles between any European governments and their colonies on this continent; but from the very close relations between the people of the United States and those of Cuba in consequence of its proximity and the extent of the commerce between the two peoples, the present war is entailing such losses upon the people of the United States that Congress is of opinion that the government of the United States should be prepared to protect the legitimate interests of Americans by intervention if necessary."

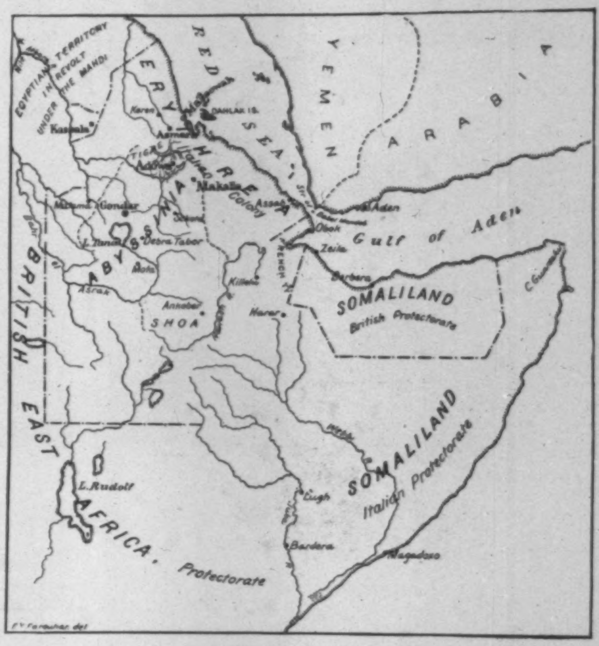
Spirited speeches were made, and the resolutions were adopted by a vote of 263 to 17, there being no partisan distinction in the minority vote. Those who opposed the resolutions argued that the Cubans were little more than guerillas in warfare, and that they had no established government. On Thursday, March 5th, the House voted not to recede in its resolutions, and a conference committee decided to adopt them for passage in the Senate. Thus they stand, at the present writing, as the expression of the feeling of the national legislature on the conflict in Cuba. They leave the President free to recognize actual belligerency on the part of the Cubans if he so desires. The discussion whether the President must approve or disapprove the resolutions, notwithstanding that they are "concurrent," is another matter. The general impression in Washington, according to the despatches, was that the President would take no official notice of the resolutions.

ITALY AND ABYSSINIA.

All Italy is in tears over the frightful results of the Abyssinian campaign, undertaken eleven years ago, when the government of Rome also became the prey of the craze of colonial expansion then prevailing in most European countries. The honor of Italian soldiers is safe, and their renown for heroism and bravery cannot but be increased after their noble defeats at Dogali and Saati, at the beginning of the expedition, and at Amba-Alaghi, Makalle, and Adowa in the first days of this month of March. It seems certain, unfortunately, that 3000 men at least, and more than 200 officers of Baratieri's army, together with a large number of their native allies, have been slain by the Abyssinians, who were nearly five against one, and who killed their flying enemies with the spear and lance, the national weapons, rather than with the modern rifles with which the half-civilized hordes of Emperor, or Negus, Menelek are abundantly provided. From the particulars of the battle already furnished by cable despatches it is evident that the Abyssinians, besides their enormous superiority in numbers, employed their favorite tactics—that is, to entice the enemy into the defiles of their mountainous country, the African Switzerland, and to sweep from the rocky heights upon the Europeans, whose cannon are of no use when placed in battery at the bottom of narrow valleys. It is not known yet why the Italian commander-in-chief either offered or accepted that supreme battle with the Abyssinians after the military successes won by the latter since December at Amba-Alaghi and Makalle. General Baratieri was anxious, evidently, to maintain his communications with Massowah, the seaport of the Red Sea, which is the basis of operations for the Italian army as well as the capital of their colony, and where are landed the large re-enforcements almost daily sent from the peninsula. It is likely that the remnants of the army defeated at Adowa will reach safely the district of Massowah, and that the city itself will not be attacked by the Abyssinians, who have never claimed it as belonging to their country.

There would not have been any war in that part of northeastern Africa if Italy had been satisfied with occupying Massowah and its immediate "hinterland," or adjoining territory, which had been called the Erythræan colony by the Italians when they took possession of it in 1885. Massowah belonged to Egypt, whose fate in its dealings with the Abyssinians ought to have served as a warning to the government at Rome. The Egyptian Khedive twice attempted, twenty years ago, to extend his domination over Abyssinia. He sent one military expedition commanded by Arakel, the nephew of Nubar Pasha, and by two European adventurers—Count Zichy, a Hungarian, and Count Arendrey, a Dane. The 1700 men composing that expedition were massacred in the mountain passes almost on the same spot where the latest battle was lost by the Italians. A few months later, in 1876, the Khedive, Ismail Pasha, sent another expedition, under the command of his second son, Hassan Pasha. The 22,000 men who then invaded the Abyssinian territory were also defeated by the same tactics used against Arakel, and in the same defiles leading to the table-land of the country, which is about 1400 feet above the level of the sea.

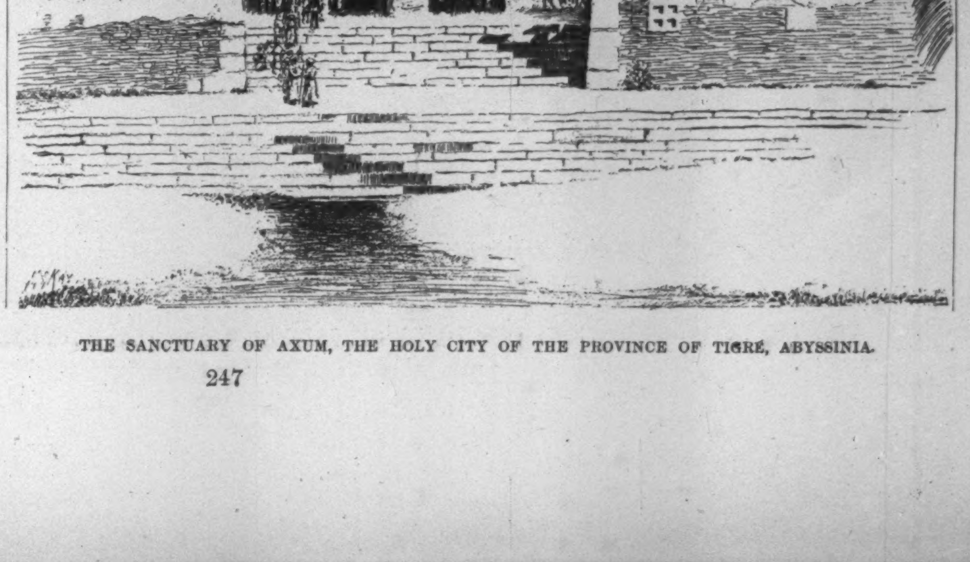
The Italians, with the agreement of England, which was then the real ruler of Egypt, and needed somebody to prevent the incursions of the Dervishes toward the Red Sea, occupied Massowah in 1885. Soon after they advanced inland, and 500 of them were slaughtered at Dogali by Ras Aloula, the most famous of the Ras, or feudal chiefs, in Abyssinia. That defeat was promptly avenged by victories won by the Italians over some other native chiefs, and a large tract of territory was added to the one already occupied in the neighborhood of Massowah. Meanwhile the Negus or Emperor of Abyssinia, Johannès, was killed in a battle with the Dervishes of the Mahdi, and anarchy prevailed among the chiefs of the Tigré, Goggiam, and other provinces. The King of Shoa, Menelek, who had always claimed that he was the only one entitled to the crown of Emperor of Abyssinia, as being a descendant of Menelek, the son of King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, was supported by the Italians in his claim to sovereignty, and through that support he secured the apparent obedience of some feudal chiefs, though he was not crowned "King of Kings," or "Negus Neghesti," in the cathedral of Axum. Menelek showed his gratitude toward Italy by signing the treaty of Ucciali in 1889, but soon after he protested against the interpretation given by the Roman government of Article 17 of that treaty. He claimed that he had never intended to place Abyssinia under an Italian protectorate, but merely to grant commercial and other privileges to his friends of the peninsula; and he hastened to pay back the loan contracted by him with the bankers at Rome.



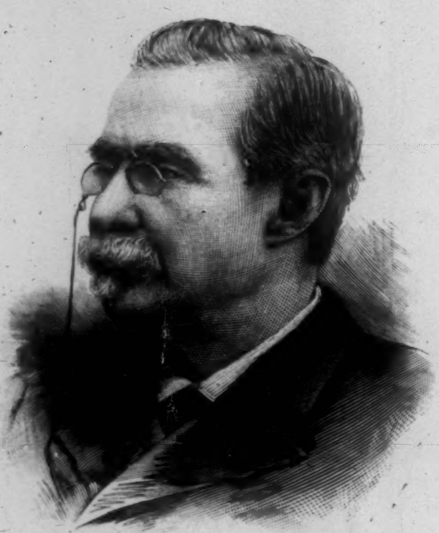
MAP OF ABYSSINIA.

The rupture of friendly relations between Menelek and Italy was complete, and warlike operations were resumed by the latter, in order to conquer at first the province of Tigré, the nearest to Massowah and the Erythræan colony. The Italians committed, at the same time, the blunder of pushing their invasion into the Soudan, west of Massowah, in a country partly occupied by the Dervishes. They captured Keren and Kassala, and left garrisons in those places, thus extending the ground of their operations and weakening the forces which they needed in order to establish themselves strongly in the province of Tigré, in Abyssinia proper. Nevertheless, they succeeded in their advance, defeated Mangascia and other chiefs at Coatit and Senafé, and pushed southward nearly to the gates of Antalo during the first months in 1895. Unfortunately they placed too much confidence in the continuance of the rivalries which they had seen prevailing for years between the several chiefs of the provinces, and in their unwillingness to recognize the supreme power and rule of Menelek as their Emperor. Those chiefs understood that the independence of the whole country was at stake; and their love for the father-land impelled them to join their forces with those which the Negus was bringing from his own undisputed province, the Shoa. General Baratieri was confronted last November by an army of about 80,000 Abyssinians, who were advancing northward against Adigrat, his headquarters, a well-fortified place. The Italian troops left at Amba-Alaghi under Major Tosselli could not retreat in proper time to Adigrat, and were slaughtered at Amba-Alaghi in December, 1895. The garrison left at Makalle had a better fate; it surrendered after many days of glorious combats, and went out with the honors of war. Menelek, instead of attacking Baratieri at Adigrat, made a flank movement in the direction of Adowa, in the vicinity of which the terrible battle of the 2d of March has taken place.

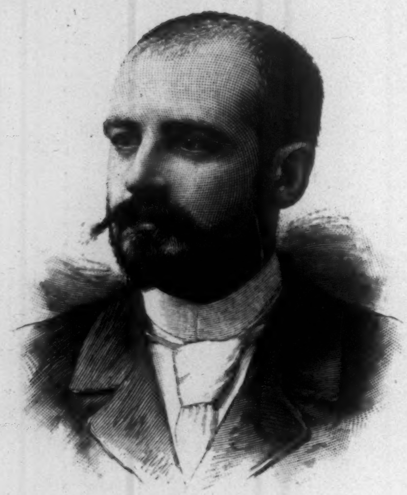
Félix Aucaigne.



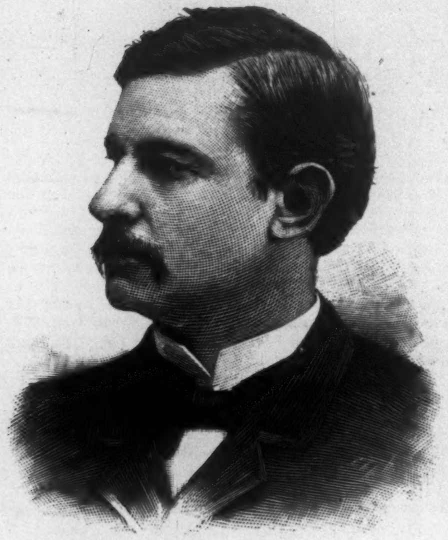
THE SANCTUARY OF AXUM, THE HOLY CITY OF THE PROVINCE OF TIGRÉ, ABYSSINIA.



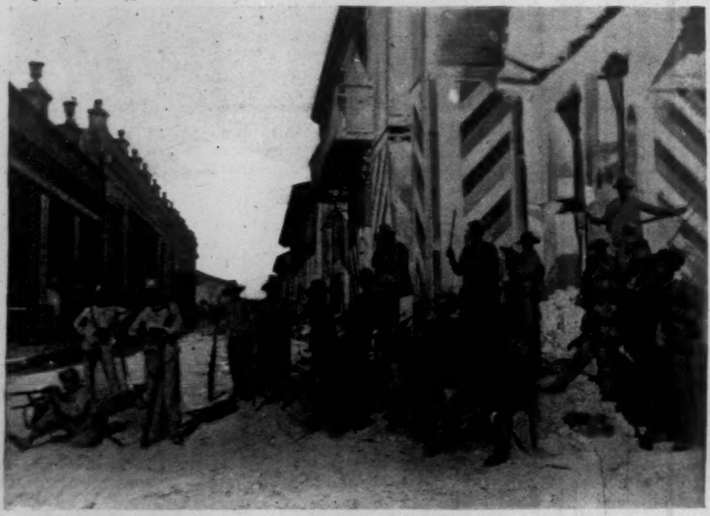
CANOVAS DEL CASTILLO,
Prime Minister of Spain.



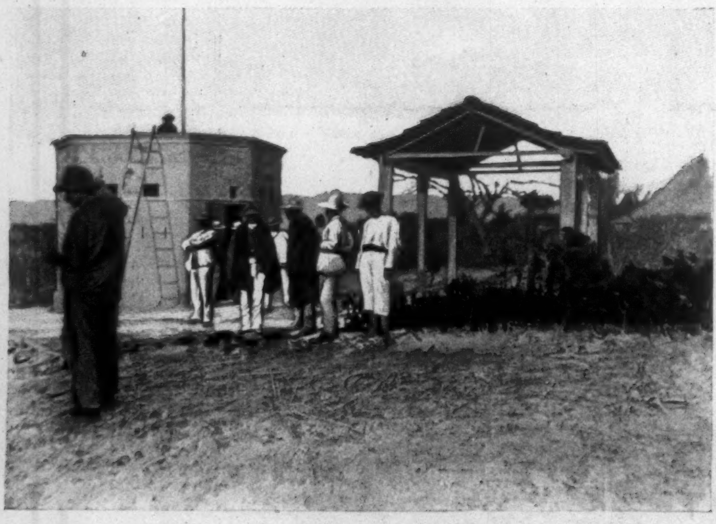
ENRIQUE DUPUY DE LOME,
Spanish Minister to the United States.



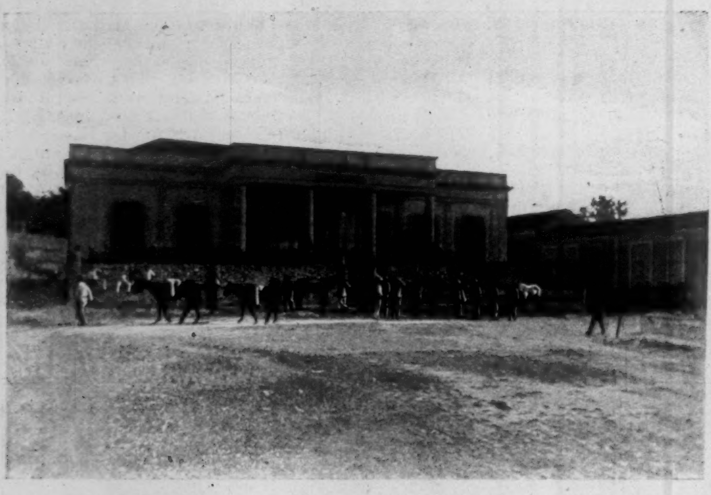
HANNIS TAYLOR,
United States Minister to Spain.



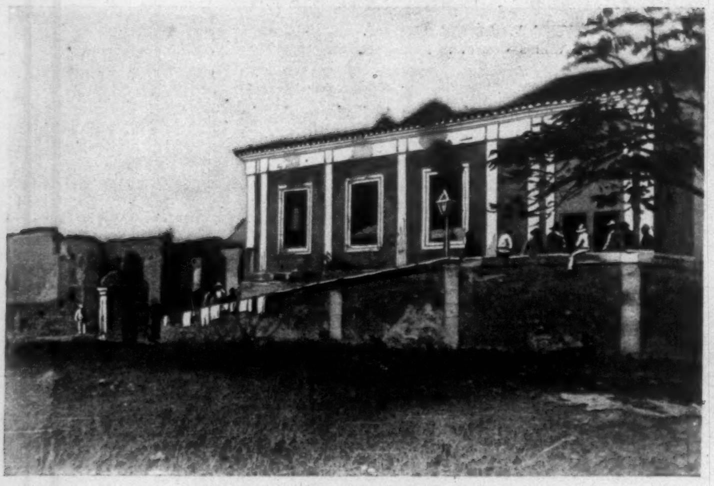
AFTER THE SACKING—SPANISH SOLDIERS WAITING FOR THE ENEMY.



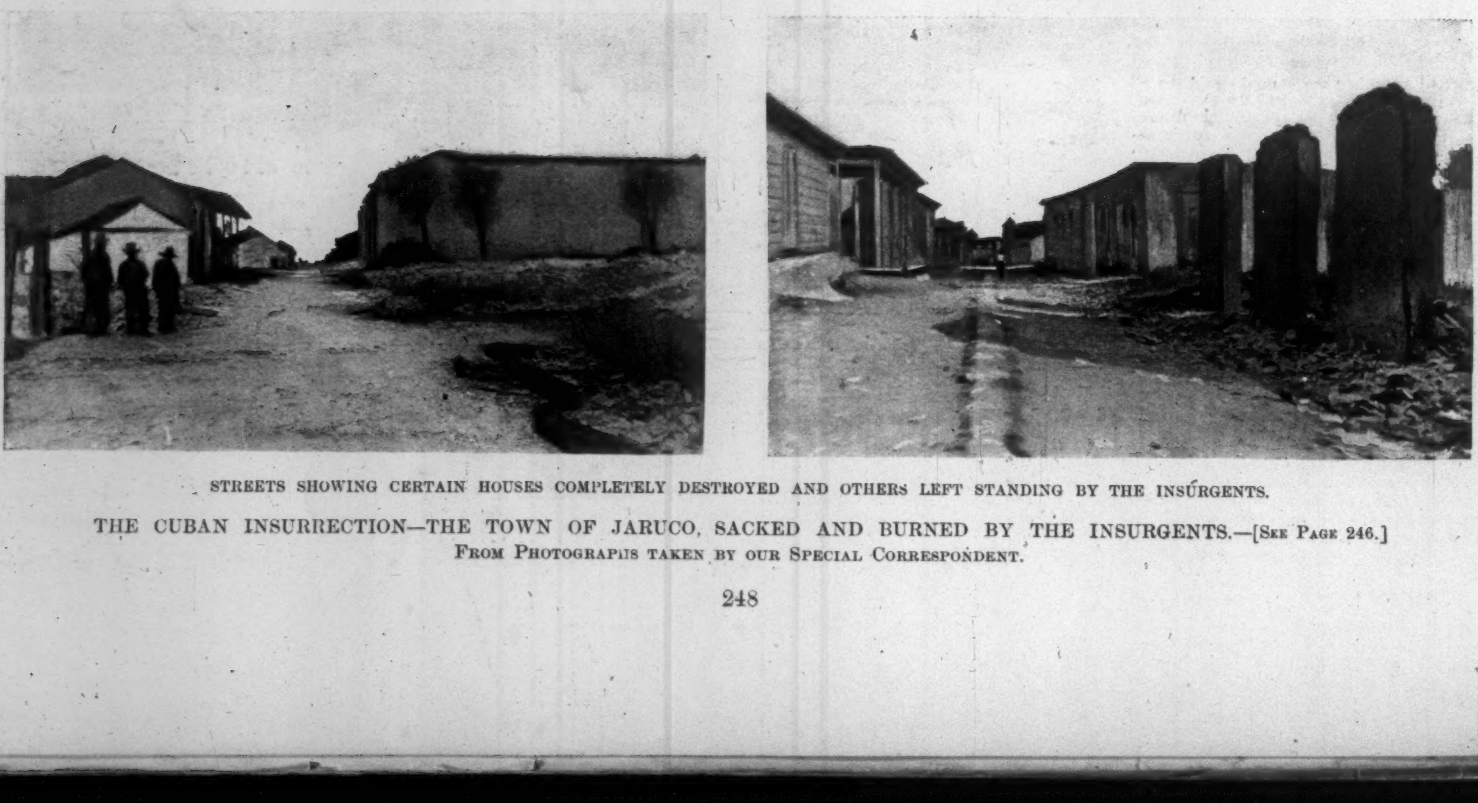
THE FORT AT THE WEST END OF THE TOWN, WHICH WAS SURRENDERED TO THE INSURGENTS.



SPANISH CLUB-HOUSE, GUARDED BY SPANISH TROOPS.



THE PRISON, PARTIALLY DESTROYED BY FIRE.



STREETS SHOWING CERTAIN HOUSES COMPLETELY DESTROYED AND OTHERS LEFT STANDING BY THE INSURGENTS.

THE CUBAN INSURRECTION—THE TOWN OF JARUCO, SACKED AND BURNED BY THE INSURGENTS.—[SEE PAGE 246.]
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

"THE CHURCH OF THE BLACK SHEEP."

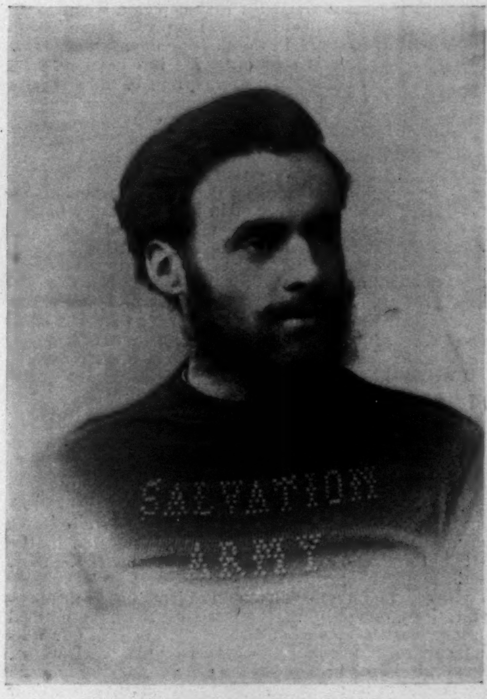
AN ARTICLE ON THE SALVATION ARMY.

BY MAUD BALLINGTON BOOTH.

I WAS upon the rostrum of one of America's most costly churches. Sweet and sonorous tones were pealing from the organ. The pews were filled to overflowing with a rich and influential audience. As they rose to sing, I could see the glitter of jewels and could hear the rustle of costly silks. The sun shone through the magnificent stained windows, and fell in gentle opal lights on the marble and onyx pillars, and glimmered on the wondrously wrought candelabrum and the brass rails of the rostrum. Beneath my feet I felt the soft thick purple velvety carpet, and on every side I noted marble, costly carvings and precious metals, and all the evidences of unlimited wealth.

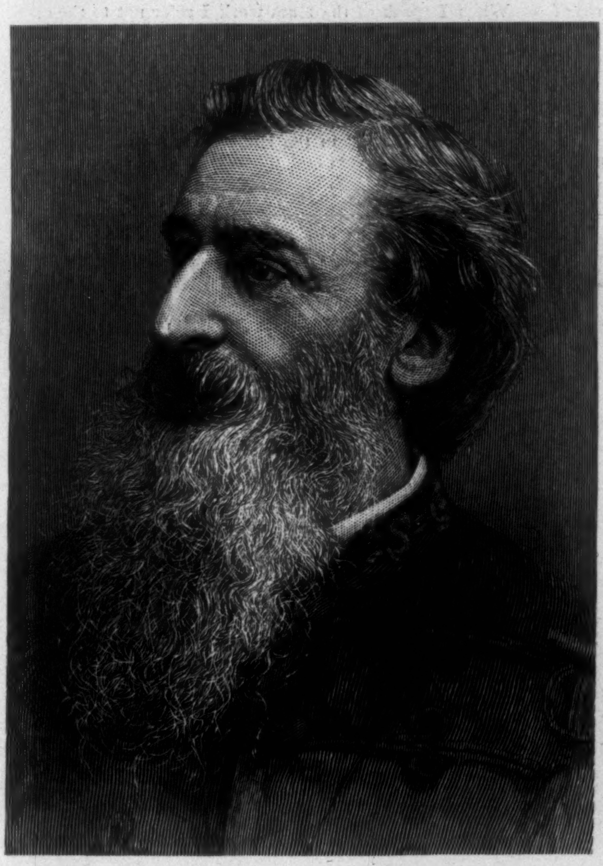
Taking it all in all, with the music and peace and brightness of that Sabbath morning, a strange feeling crept over me. It was not the feeling of holy awe or of calm tranquillity that echoed in the depths of my soul, but a desperate longing and yearning that made me feel as if I could rise and fly from the building to those whom we have learned to look upon as our special flock—the sheep that are beyond the limits of the fold; the sorrowing, loveless, hopeless hearts for whom there seem so little sunshine and so much darkness. The great contrast, the wide difference, made me feel only love and pity for them the more; and as I rose to talk of our work, I was myself so moved that the big audience was soon in tears, and the most practical and spontaneous expressions of interest for the poor and outcast were the result. It was amid that scene that I first called our organization by a new name—"The Church of the Black Sheep."

Though the appellation was merely coined by a sudden realization of contrast, it seems destined to live as a truly descriptive term for the Salvation Army, its field, and its people. "And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold; them also I must bring; and there shall be one fold, and one shepherd." These words have made us turn to the highways and byways, the desert and the wilderness of sin and godlessness, that the other sheep, unshepherded and hopeless, may know that they are not forsaken.



COMMANDANT HERBERT BOOTH.

COMMISSIONER EVA BOOTH.



GENERAL BOOTH.

No people are more thoroughly adapted for dealing with the outcast and criminal class than those who possess the most necessary equipments—those most necessary equipments unquenchable loving interest and an unshakable hopefulness for them. Love triumphs where law and logic are absolutely powerless, and hope brings a star of inspiration and a desire for better things into the darkest night.

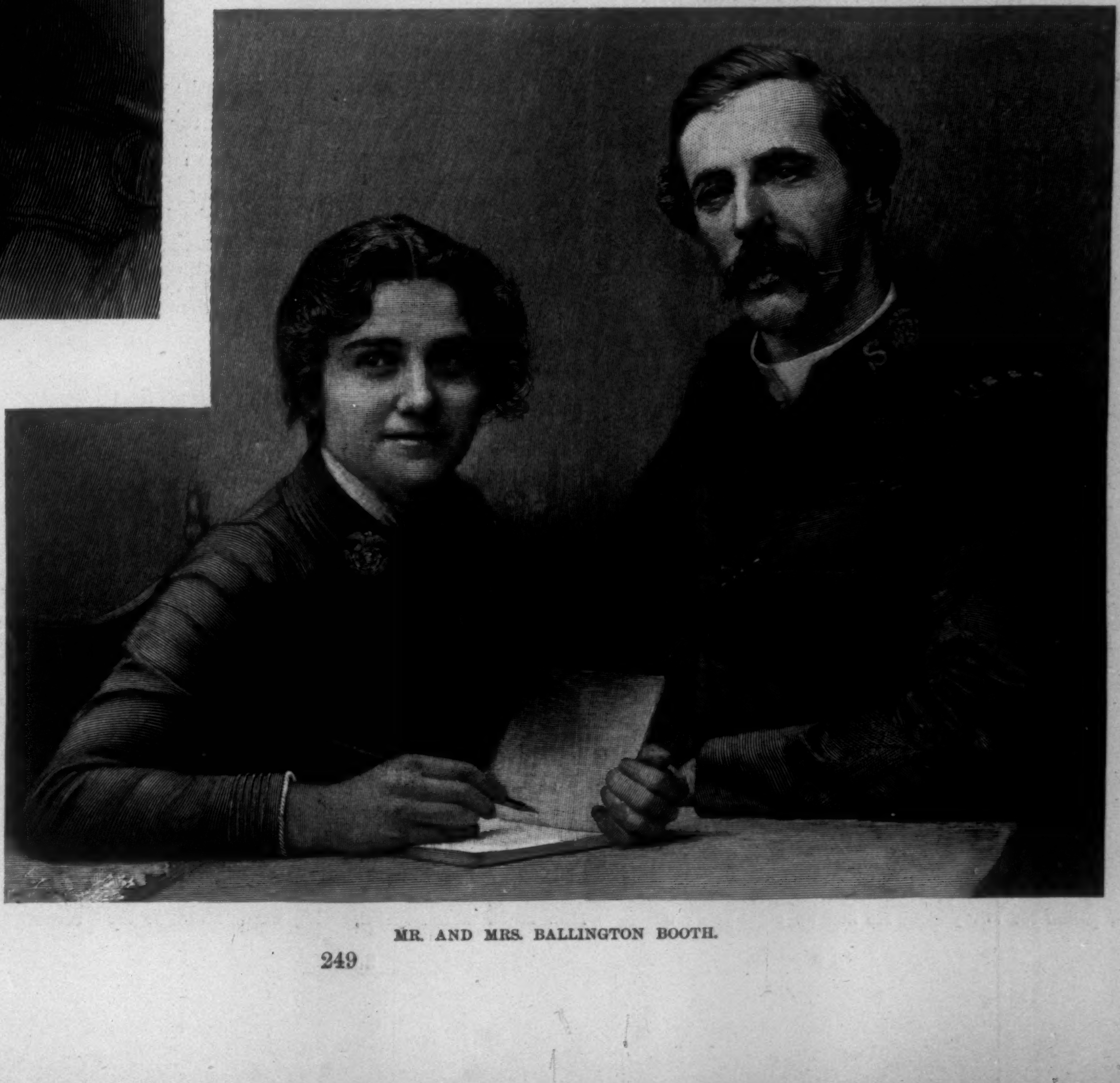
So we find in the Salvation Army that our people, going as they do to the very root of the matter in the most direct way, are wondrously successful, even with the most hopeless and desperate cases. To quote incidents from the different phases and branches of our work is an easy matter, but to give an adequate idea of the real power and benefit of the Army's operations throughout our country as a whole it would be necessary that those incidents be multiplied by the thousand. Without any fear of exaggeration I can say that for every incident I could quote our officers all over the country could give hundreds of like nature, just as wonderful and just as authentic.

We believe our field is where we are the most needed, and where sin and misery have banished purity, goodness, and happiness.

So it will not cause surprise to hear that we seek and preach to our black sheep just as readily on the streets, in the dives, the saloon, the house of ill fame, or the prison cell as we should in any special building rented for our meetings. In a word, we do not wait for them to come to us, but we go to them, and to do it faithfully we must often push our work in unexpected ways, into unexpected places. No better illustration of this can be quoted than the story of the establishment of our San Quentin corps, California. San Quentin is the State penitentiary, and is some two hours' journey from San Francisco. I believe there are from 1500 to 1600 convicts there, many of them desperate criminals, whose need of reformation is unmistakable.

. In connection with one of our Oakland corps, visits were made at regular intervals to the penitentiary for the purpose of distributing our official gazette, the *War Cry*. So much was this paper prized by the prisoners that three or four hundred were distributed weekly. The men were met in the large yard where they took air and exercise, which has been ironically called the corral. There these wretched criminals—wretched because of the dark misery of their own hearts—herd together, and the profanity of language and roughness of manner exhibited among them can be imagined. Into their very midst went the uniformed Salvationists, and so great was the interest in the *War Cry* that they would clamor and almost fight to grasp the much-loved papers, for fear of missing them.

This entrance into the prison gave rise to personal conversation with the men, and then to open-air meetings among the prisoners, the result being the conversion of quite a number. Not only did they profess this conversion, but their lives soon showed to the prison officials that the real change of heart had taken place. Being Salvationists in spirit, they determined to form a little corps among themselves, and from among the prisoners one was commissioned as sergeant. I do not know exactly how many conversions there have been, but at the present time there are twenty-five or twenty-six soldiers in the corps, though of course they sometimes lose soldiers from the fact of their term in the penitentiary expiring, and their going out to join some army corps in freedom. Of course they cannot wear our uniform, but they are allowed to wear on their prison garb a little piece of Army ribbon, which they very highly treasure. These men hold meetings and talk personally with their fellow-con-



MR. AND MRS. BALLINGTON BOOTH.

victs, and their real change of life has been so manifest that they have become a leavening influence among the vicious and debased surroundings in which they live.

On my arrival in California on my late tour I received a letter of welcome from the prison corps—a letter full of love and loyalty, telling me that though they could not come to me and join in the big Salvation Army demonstrations as the other soldiers could in San Francisco, I must be assured that they most heartily welcomed me to the State. They told me how they had read my writings, and how they seemed to know me, even though they had never seen my face and might never see it. I need hardly say that the letter appealed to my heart very strongly, and I immediately made the resolution to go and speak to them. Arrangements were made by the prison officials for me to meet the convicts of the prison in the chapel on Sunday morning at eight o'clock, and late the night before I went to San Quentin for the purpose. Never shall I forget the experience of that morning. I stepped out of the freedom of the outside world and the balmy sweetness of that flower-scented air, through the great heavy gates of San Quentin, and in a few moments I stood before an audience composed entirely of men wearing the prison garb.

One look at all those eager faces was enough to stir my heart to its very depths. There they sat, row after row, and, when all the seats were filled, stood crowding round the doorway and pressed together in the aisles. Such a gathering the chaplain told me is very rarely seen in the chapel. Some were gray-headed; some young and strong: some had intelligent, handsome faces, while others bore the hard lines left by long years of sin; and yet others had a look of sullen despair, such as only too often comes to those who sink beneath the influence and hopelessness of prison life. I noticed especially one old man sitting just in front of me, whose chin rested on his hands. He watched my every movement intently, and down his cheeks tears trickled freely. It was not difficult for me to pick from among my audience the Salvationists, for though they naturally wore the prison garb as did their comrades, their faces looked so glad and bright and joyous, and their appreciation of everything said was so evident, that I needed not to see the little bit of ribbon to assure me that they were the black sheep made white.

When I rose to speak to them it was natural that I should be deeply affected, and I found it very hard work to keep from breaking down altogether. In fact, I did weep over them, and from the great audience there was a response in tears which I have rarely seen in any gathering, many of them bowing their heads upon their hands and sobbing, though otherwise there was breathless silence and attention. At the close of the meeting I asked if there were any who then and there would like to volunteer for Christ, and two of the prisoners came out and knelt at the altar. Almost as quickly two others arose and came and knelt beside them, talking and praying with them earnestly, with arms thrown over their shoulders.

I think that was one of the most beautiful sights I saw in California. All four men wore the same dress, and yet two of them were in a position in which they could point their poor fellow-convicts to Christ, the breaker of all chains and the giver of true liberty.

It was difficult for me to tear myself away from them, but having three large meetings in San Francisco on that day, I had to go. Before leaving I shook hands with just as many as could reach me, among them the old man who had watched me so intently from the front seat. After leaving the prison I had some most interesting letters from the convicts, one a letter from the little prison corps thanking me for coming to see them, and telling me of some of the good accomplished; another, from the unconverted convicts, telling me how much they appreciated it, and that could I have staid longer they were certain there would have been more evident results on the spot, but assuring me that many of them were making good resolutions, and that eternity would reveal how deep the work had been. One dear fellow, speaking to one of our officers about it, said it was the happiest day of his life.

Before I left California they sent me a little prison-reared Canary-bird, which now in my home sings and chirps to me, reminding me every time I look at it of the imprisoned ones for whom I have promised to pray. Hardly a week passes that I do not receive letters from these men, and at Christmas-time twenty-five letters reached me in one envelope, from the different members of the corps, telling of the advance of their work.

Perhaps one of the most touching stories that have been written me is contained in the following paragraph from the letter of the officer whom I commissioned to supervise this prison-work:

> "It would be impossible to tell you adequately of the beautiful results that have come out of the meeting you held in the prison chapel. I myself am more and more surprised and delighted with them. One effect of your words has been that ever since the meeting there has been a marked decrease in ribaldry and bad language among the boys in the corral, the officials themselves noting the fact, and calling my attention to it as a very remarkable thing. Also the old white-haired man who sat upon the front seat in the chapel and wept so sorely during your talk went voluntarily into solitary confinement, and, taking hope out of your words, fought the opium habit—fought and won—fought and came forth to his world again to declare himself God's man from thence forward. He said to me, speaking of you: 'She shook hands with me! Yes, she did! Why, Mr. Parke, I ain't had a woman shake hands with me in over twelve years!'"

Some of the men who have thus been converted have life terms. Others have been addicted to the use of drugs, and all of them, it is evident from the place in which they are found, are of one class, namely, the black sheep.

The satisfactory results of this work have been attested by the chaplain, the warden, and the prison officials, and have become known throughout the State.

In many other jails we have gained an influence over the prisoners, not only through visitation, but through the medium of the *War Cry*.

An interesting incident occurred in connection with Clinton Penitentiary, New York State. Nearly three years ago I received a letter from a convict there begging me to send him the *War Cry* regularly. I did so, and at the same time corresponded with him concerning his soul's salvation. I received several letters from him telling me of the great interest taken in our paper by his fellow-prisoners, how anxious they were to receive it, and how they used to cut it in pieces, and send one sheet to one cell and one to another, as they were too anxious to wait for the whole *War Cry* to be passed around intact. This man became converted to God, and lived a consistent life in prison for two years. He had an eight years' term, having been convicted at the age of nineteen. One day he came to my office in New York city to tell me the glad news that he had been pardoned and had come out into the world once more, and with every determination of living a right, straight life. He then informed me that so much had the *War Cry* been appreciated that the prison authorities had subscribed for fifty copies a week to be sent to the prison. This man is at the present time working at our headquarters, in the mailing department, from which the *War Cry* is sent out. He has been with us eight months, and has given every proof of his sincerity and the earnestness of his purpose.

Shortly after his liberation another convict, who had also been much impressed by the reading of the *War Cry*, came from the same prison to see me. He had not been converted, but had been very much impressed with what he had read, and had made the determination to live an honest life. A police inspector in New York city helped him to obtain a position as brakeman on a cable-car, and very shortly afterwards he found Christ as his Saviour through the means of the Army, and is also living a changed and consistent life. We feel that the prison is a wonderful field for us. We realize that there our black sheep are corralled; they cannot wander away; they not only cannot escape us, but they are, many of them, in a condition of mind and heart that makes them most receptive to all we have to say.

The power of our ordinary corps work cannot be exaggerated. The loving toil of the officers and the self-sacrifice of their lives make just the needed link that, alas! is so often lacking between the ungospelled and the gospel itself. To convince these people of the truth that God is love it is not sufficient to tell them that it is so or to show them the text in the Bible. They will not believe in God's love unless they see it lived out and manifested in the hearts of those who give the message, and that in the most practical and uncontroversial way.

To those who do not understand our methods our open-air meetings, our uniform, the lively services, the natural spontaneous testimonies of our soldiers, and all our war-like terms seem peculiar and even irreligious. It must, however, be borne in mind that we are not trying to teach these people to be religious. We are trying to reach their hearts, and simply to have them made good and honest and Christ-like in life. So ritual and form and method are counted as insignificant beside the great need we see of rescue and transformation of heart. Again, let it ever be remembered by those who might be inclined to judge from the short-sighted stand-point of their own tastes and feelings, that we are the "Church of the Black Sheep," and that in all things we must adapt ourselves to the effectual reaching and holding of a class that, alas! fight shy of the ordinary church or religious methods.

It was in a small town in California that a desperate character had made himself famous, or I might better say infamous, by his life of drunken outlawry. He was part Mexican and part Indian, and though yet young, had been a desperate whiskey-drinker for years. Almost a giant in stature, and with proportionate development of muscle, he was considered most dangerous in his fights, and was a constant cause of trouble and difficulty to the police. One evening Mota, as he was called, walked into a Salvation Army meeting out of curiosity. The audience was not only surprised, but alarmed, but it in nowise disconcerted the captain. She at once tried to show to him a kindly interest. He felt that he was welcome, and he came again and again. Though densely ignorant and utterly godless, he was touched by the sincere lives, and convinced by the simple but powerful truths he heard in such plain and unvarnished language. He was soon converted, and his life gave evidence of the sincerity and depth of the work accomplished. The captain naturally watched and prayed over this new convert with interest; but it often needs more than mere watchfulness and prayer to help and keep our newly captured sheep, for there are dangers and temptations around them which often call for self-sacrificing effort and patience on the part of the shepherds of the flock.

Mota suffered one day with a raging toothache which compelled him to seek out a dentist. The man, I presume, was some unskilled hand, but anyhow he tugged in vain at the offending tooth. The pain and sensitiveness of the nerves was so great that he gave up the attempt, and ordered Mota to get a glass of whiskey to nerve him for another effort. The poor fellow at once refused, for not only as a Salvationist was it prohibited him, but he knew what this step would mean to his life. The dentist, however, insisted that it was necessary, and that as a doctor he prescribed it, until Mota yielded and took the first glass that he had tasted since he had come under the Salvation Army's influence. Again the dentist attempted in vain to extract the tooth. Again he ordered a glass of whiskey for the sufferer, who reluctantly, and hesitating at first as to the right or wrong of it, at last yielded. As he put it in his own words, "He did not have to tell me to take the third or the fourth glass, nor all that followed after it." The dreadful craving for drink had returned, and with it a sense of disgrace which made him feel: "I am done for. I have fallen. I have disgraced the Army. I may as well go all lengths now."

A message reached the captain just as she closed her meeting that night to say that Mota had been seen reeling down the streets raving drunk, and that the police had "run him in." Some might have lost hope, or perhaps have been too disappointed and discouraged to have done anything more for this very black sheep; but not so the earnest, loving captain. She went immediately to the jail and asked to see Mota. The police demurred, saying that he was dead drunk, was in a disgraceful condition, and she really could do no good if she did see him. She insisted, however, with a woman's firm authority, and was admitted to the cell. There he lay, her once promising recruit, helplessly, hopelessly drunk, with clothing torn, and covered with mud from his dishevelled head to his feet. Then, to the surprise of the on-looking officials, the captain knelt and prayed for the wandering sheep to a God whom she evidently felt was not afar off. Before she arose she pencilled a note and pinned it to the coat of the unconscious man. I cannot recall the exact words, but I think it read nearly as follows: "Do not despair or be discouraged. God will not forsake you, and I shall not. I will call for you in the morning. God bless you. —YOUR CAPTAIN."

How much these hopeful, loving words meant to the poor fellow when he came to himself no one but God will ever know; but that did not end the captain's work. Borrowing a team, she drove out to the place where Mota had been working steadily since his conversion, and talked with his employer. She told of his trouble, and showed convincingly that to lose his employment through it would mean the forcing of him back to the old life. Her pleadings availed, and she was told if he got off at court he should be kept right on at his work. The captain drove back to town and borrowed ten dollars from a friend, and then reached the jail in time to drive Mota to the court-room. Poor fellow! He sat by her side in his bemudded clothes and with his head hung in shame; but I think the Army uniform in such company must have been a useful object-lesson to the town. At the bar it was the captain who pleaded for him, and when the ten-dollar fine or imprisonment was imposed poor Mota thought his future doom was sealed; but to his amazement she quickly paid the fine and told him to come with her.

From the court-room he followed her meekly, and she took him to the house of a brother soldier, where he could wash and tidy himself; and after a good breakfast she prayed with him, dealing earnestly with him about his soul. He then and there renewed his consecration to God, confessed his wrong, and with a glad heart went out to his work, rejoicing in the fact that there is power not only to forgive sin but to remove its stain. From that day to this he has stood firm as a useful and honored member of the Salvation Army corps. In fact, I believe he is the color sergeant; and it is needless to say that his reformation, or might I not better put it his regeneration, is the wonder of the whole country-side.

Few can estimate the difficulties that surround many of those to whom we go. I do not wonder that those who leave God and His power out of the question give up the problem of the reformation of criminals in despair, and inform the world that some through heredity, and others through environment, are rendered absolutely irredeemable. Human effort and human schemes often fail most miserably, but we in the Salvation Army believe with all the strength of the old mystics in the power of God. We come across many cases in our slum-work where both these great factors, heredity and evironment, have worked against the criminal, and yet we can record, even in such cases, wonderful change of heart and life and the eradication of the evil tendencies.

When I speak of the slum-work, I refer not to the ordinary work of the army, as seen in the different cities where our forces are toiling in their halls and in the open air with those tactics that have become so widely known. I refer to a special branch of our work which is carried on in the worst quarters of the great cities by a band of women who have in dress and home and daily life become "naturalized" in the slums, that they may reach and bless the helpless and outcast. They live in some tenement in the very worst neighborhood, possess only the barest necessities so far as food and clothing are concerned, their dress being of coarse material, over which they wear a common kitchen apron, to keep them on the level with the poor women among whom they dwell. The Army bonnet is discarded for a plain little black hat, and a shawl takes the place of the uniform coat.

The idea may perhaps enter the mind of some people that these women have been reclaimed from amongst the outcasts, and hence feel this life no sacrifice. That is not so. Our officers in the slums are, all of them, women of a good, pure record, coming from the same class as our other officers, and knowing nothing of the slums and its horrors until they willingly embrace a life of sacrifice among its denizens for Christ's sake and the sake of the poor and lost they would help and rescue. Their work is not to train and educate and elevate their neighbors; in fact, their neighbors, many of them, feel no desire nor inclination to be either educated or elevated. Their life-work is to comfort, to help, and to win them from sin to purity by loving efforts. They do not go to refine the vulgar or to dispense charity to the needy. They go to fight the cause of the misery, squalor, and wretchedness—*sin*—and they do it in the most practical fashion. You would not find these girls giving tracts to the starving or preaching sermons in the desolate house where hungry unwashed children crowd around the helpless mother's sick-bed; though their object is the blessing of the soul, and though their work is religious through and through, their religion takes a common-sense and practical method. They go forth to win the people by *love;* to make them ashamed of impurity by contact with purity; that they may be weary of the darkness of sin by seeing an object-lesson of the light and brightness of the Christ life. It is their life of willing toil and joyful self-sacrifice that makes an impression deeper than any sermon ever made.

Their duties are so numerous that they cannot be chronicled, but they are to be ready to do anything and everything the emergency calls for. They nurse the sick, sit up with the dying, wash the dead, and often follow the poor corpse to the Potter's field. They scrub the floors, wash the children, dress the patient's wounds, and feed the starving. Hundreds of little scraps of humanity have been ushered into life to receive their first care from these loving servants of the poor, and many a hardened sinner, for years unwont to weep, has shed tears at the gentle pleadings of those whose consistent lives have backed up every word spoken about the conquering love of God.

Their day is taken up with visitation, the evenings generally with saloon and dive visitation, or the conducting of meetings in some erstwhile disreputable dives, now hired for Army purposes. These meetings are led by the officers in the same garb, even to the apron, which they have worn in their house-to-house visitation, and they are attended by crowds of young toughs, whole gangs of them forming our ordinary and constant congregations. These crowds, I venture to say, any minister would find difficult if not altogether impossible to control; but our slum officers, who live among them, and know them, and whom they in their turn have learned to admire and respect, can exert a wonderful power over them; and any on-looker can readily see that the speakers and the audience are in perfect accord. From among this very crowd recruits have been made for the Army, and the once tough has become a uniformed Salvationist, in his turn helping the officers in their work in the meetings.

In one slum corps we have twenty-eight soldiers, twenty-seven of whom have a jail record, the twenty-eighth never having been in jail, not through his own fault, but because he fortunately escaped arrest. I heard of one slum meeting in which there was a small audience of thirty people, every one of whom was drunk. This certainly goes to show that the Salvation Army succeeds in reaching the people it is after, and the people who most need it.

Into one of these meetings a young man wandered who had known but little of religion, and still less of God. The officers watched him night after night, until they grew deeply interested in the lad. Evidently he was sickly, but his white face, as he listened to the truth spoken, became whiter still and more utterly miserable, and they could tell that he was unhappy over his life of sin. They talked to him often, and little by little learned his story. His father and mother were both drunkards. He lived with them in a common lodging-house. At the age of seven he was left an orphan, absolutely at the mercy of the world, his mother having been frozen to death on the door-step on going home from a drunken spree, his father having fallen into the river a few months afterwards, also while intoxicated. He had never been taught goodness or purity, or had been told of a God or a conscience. He became a thief. Not being a clever one, he was often convicted and imprisoned. He said pitifully that the nearest approach to a home he had ever had was the kitchen of a jail, where he was allowed to work, but on the expiration of his term he was sent out again, though he begged to be kept on. After coming from prison he would try and reform, as he hated stealing, but it was either steal or starve. His accounts of attempts to get work were pitiful in the extreme. Sometimes he would follow coal-carts for long distances to try and get the job of shovelling in coal, only to see others get in ahead of him. He was a marked character, and even if he stood still on the corner of the street the police kept an eye on him, suspecting that he was up to some mischief. For a long time our officers could not get him to the deciding point of giving his heart to God, simply because he said that he could not possibly leave off stealing, and that he knew the whole of his life must be changed if he made any profession of salvation. At last he yielded, and, we believe, was truly converted. For a time he kept all right. Our officers managed to give him odd jobs at sweeping out the hall, etc.; but being taken ill with pneumonia, he went to the hospital. He was discharged, still in a weak and wretched condition, and while wandering through the streets the old temptation to steal came back upon him because he was hungry. He stole a ham, was arrested and imprisoned. Our officers did not despair, but followed him up, and believed that he was truly converted again.

I might say parenthetically that many people with far greater advantages and light and knowledge might also have fallen under the dire temptation of hunger; and wrong as was his deed, undoubtedly the great God of heaven looks at circumstances with far more charity than do those who punish the criminal for his crime without discrimination of circumstances.

After leaving prison the young man again professed conversion, and remained true until his death, which occurred in the hospital some months later. Though I give this case as typical of one whose environment and heredity were against him, I would not have it for a moment thought that Salvation Army converts are in the habit of thus backsliding. For every one who yields under temptation's dire stress, like this man, there are many who bravely and courageously remain true through the most terrible difficulties and the most trying temptations.

One of the hardest problems that face us is the fact that the world too often condemns a man in the present for the crimes of the past. It seems to me that imprisonment, with all it means, is punishment enough, and that when the law and the State say to a man, "Your term is up; justice is satisfied; your punishment is over," society should echo earnestly and practically the words once spoken to a disgraced outcast by the pure lips of the loving Saviour, "Go, and sin no more." As it is, the sentiments of the world generally shout after him, "There he goes; watch him; he's a dangerous man; he's sure to be up to his old tricks again." Is there anything more calculated to force a man to crime than the feeling that everybody expects him to commit it? Surely in justice to our fellow-beings we should not condemn as unworthy of trust any man until he has again given proof of such unworthiness. If these truths could be grasped, accepted, and put into practice, what a day dawn of hope would burst upon the criminals of our land! The Salvation Army, the "Church of the Black Sheep," is alive to this great need. We firmly believe in the reformation and salvation of criminals, and we let them know it—a fact which inspires them with some hope, and being trusted by us, they feel like believing that there is, after all, some good in them.

I will give just one case of a burglar who was reached by our slum-work in a Western city. He had been a desperate character, but became a regular attendant of our meetings, and, after conversion, a soldier of our slum corps. It was of course for a long time very difficult for him to get work, owing to the fact that he had so long lived either at the expense of the State or else upon other people's property. Many temptations faced him during the time that he was waiting for work, and they were especially hard to bear, as an aged mother was also suffering. At last he found employment in a factory, and came to tell the slum officers the good news with a face beaming with joy. Two days after he had been at his new employment a safe was blown open not very far from the neighborhood in which he lived. There was no clew to the perpetrators of the crime, but the police knew this man's record, and because it was in the section of the city in which he lived they resolved to arrest him. Going to his place of employment, they arrested him right in the presence of his fellow-employés, and took him to the police station. He was kept there, locked up, for some days, to the sorrow of his broken-hearted mother, though he protested his innocence and pointed to his consistent life since conversion. By different means the police tried to force a confession from him, but he persisted that he had nothing to confess. When brought to trial he was immediately discharged by the justice, who said that he had been wronged by his arrest, as there was not a vestige of proof against him. This, however, had lost him his position, and the struggle for work began again, and lasted for long weary weeks; but through all this trial he remained a bright, consistent, and patient Christian. It might, indeed, have embittered his heart to feel how cruelly his past must cling to him, even while making every effort at an honest life; but he was one of those who proved faithful even in the most trying hour.

But my pen could run on forever. Story after story comes to my mind, and scene after scene rises before my eyes as I write. Alas, that neither space nor the reader's patience is unlimited!

One word more I must say. We who have followed the poor black sheep into the darkest wilderness, and have seen the worst of sin, crime, and depravity, come back to tell you, who may perhaps know of it only by hearsay, that we do not in any sense despair. We are full of hope and courage. We are still firm believers in the redeemability of all humanity. Beneath the sin and misery and wretchedness we see fine streaks of gold that are worth retrieving, and gleams of jewels that, when cleansed and cut and polished, will be found fit for a king's diadem. Pearls are found on the deep-sea bottom, in the ungainly oyster-shell. Gold is dug and washed from among the dross of the mine. Marble and onyx must with toil be hewn from the rough mountains. So we say that from among the harder, rougher, more unlikely class, humanly speaking, God may perhaps enrich the treasure-house of heaven as largely as from the more fortunate and cultured sections of humanity.

IMPORTANT EDUCATIONAL ADVANCES AT COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

BY NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER.

THREE steps of unusual importance have been taken by Columbia College during the past few weeks. They are of importance to the country at large, for they indicate clearly how an old and conservative foundation like Columbia is affected by modern educational movements that are world-wide in their significance.

The first step is nothing less than the passage of a declaratory resolution by the Trustees of Columbia College authorizing the use of the name Columbia University for the institution as a whole, and designating as Columbia College the historic undergraduate department, founded in 1754, that has been known for some years past by the unfortunate and misleading title School of Arts. No change is made, or will be asked for, in the corporate or legal name, which remains as before, The Trustees of Columbia College in the City of New York.

It is well known that the term university is used in one sense in Germany, in another in France, and in still another in Great Britain; and that in America it is used without any attempt at definiteness or consistency whatever. Most of the so-called universities in the United States, as they appear in the annual reports of the Commissioner of Education, are particularly weak and inconspicuous colleges, or even secondary schools. Their governing boards have not sufficient sense of humor to perceive the incongruity between the name and the thing. It is doubtless due largely to this fact that institutions like Harvard and Columbia have been slow to assume, by any formal act, the discredited title of university. But since 1870, and especially since the opening of a genuine university at Baltimore in 1876, public attention has been directed to the fact that a university, in the true sense of the word, is not a college, however large or however ancient; and that it is not a college and a group of technical or professional schools, the latter permitting students to enter upon their courses with an equipment even less thorough than that required for admission to college. A university, as distinguished from a college, has come to mean "an institution where students, adequately trained by previous study of the liberal arts and sciences, are led into special fields of learning and research by teachers of high excellence and originality; and where, by the agency of libraries, museums, laboratories, and publications, knowledge is conserved, advanced, and disseminated." In this sense Columbia is now a genuine university.

Columbia became something more than a college in 1858, when a School of Law was established, but it did not begin to lay the foundations of a true university until 1880, when a Graduate Department for advanced study and research was opened. The Schools of Political Science (1880), Philosophy (1890), and Pure Science (1892)—three subdivisions of the former Graduate Department—were the beginnings of an organized university life. The schools of Law (1858), Mines (1864), and Medicine (1891), and the Teachers College (1893) have standards of admission that are as yet too low to entitle them to rank as fully developed university departments or schools, although they are frequented by many students of university rank. But in its Graduate Department Columbia has attracted to itself, for advanced study and research, several hundred men and women annually who are already graduates of colleges, and who have no immediate technical or professional end in view. It is obvious that these are university students, even in the strictest German sense of the word. Little by little the standards of admission to the technical and professional schools are being raised, and doubtless before many more years have elapsed the Schools of Law, Mines, Medicine, and the Teachers College will be put upon a truly university basis by the exclusion of all students who have not had a college training or its equivalent. It will therefore be seen that if Columbia is not at present in all of its parts technically a university, it has at least become such in a large measure. This fact, together with the confusion that naturally results from endeavoring to extend the name college over a series of graduate schools, as well as over a group of technical and professional schools, is the reason that has led to the step taken in the significant resolution above referred to. It marks a distinct step in the life of the institution, as well as a stage in the evolution of higher education in America. The new name has not been lightly assumed; it has been won on historical and educational grounds. Our half-dozen genuine universities are slowly evolving, as Columbia and Harvard have done, from the old American colleges. The Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore is the single exception to this rule.

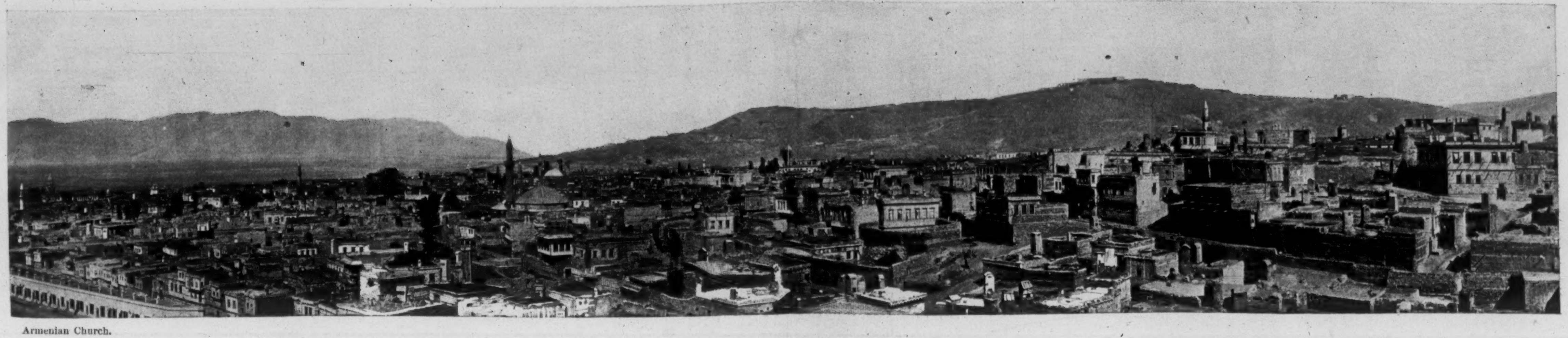
The second step of importance to which reference has been made is the action of the University Council of Columbia in throwing open the higher or university degrees of master of arts and doctor of philosophy to men trained in scientific courses and technical schools. To one who is familiar with the narrow foundation for higher training that is insisted upon in England, and in part in Germany, this may appear a radical step, but in reality it is merely accepting one of the inevitable conclusions from the conditions of modern civilization and modern academic life. It is impossible, as well as wholly undesirable, to insist any longer upon confining the highest academic opportunities to men trained in but a single school of thought. To attempt this in America would be to alienate popular support from the universities and to cripple their usefulness. They would become the schools not of the people, but of a class. Columbia has honored itself in recognizing gracefully, and by the unanimous vote of its University Council, the fact that in these closing years of the nineteenth century there are more kinds of liberal education and scientific training than one, and that these should all be put upon the same plane by the university. It will hereafter be possible for graduates of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology or of Stevens Institute, for example, to enter upon university work in their chosen field at Columbia side by side with graduates from the academic courses at Harvard or Yale. It is inevitable that sooner or later the same step will be taken in Germany. The pressure for it is already too strong to be much longer resisted. The Gymnasium training, excellent as it is from many points of view, is no better than that of the Realschule in preparing men for the highest posts and the broadest careers in the service of society and the state.

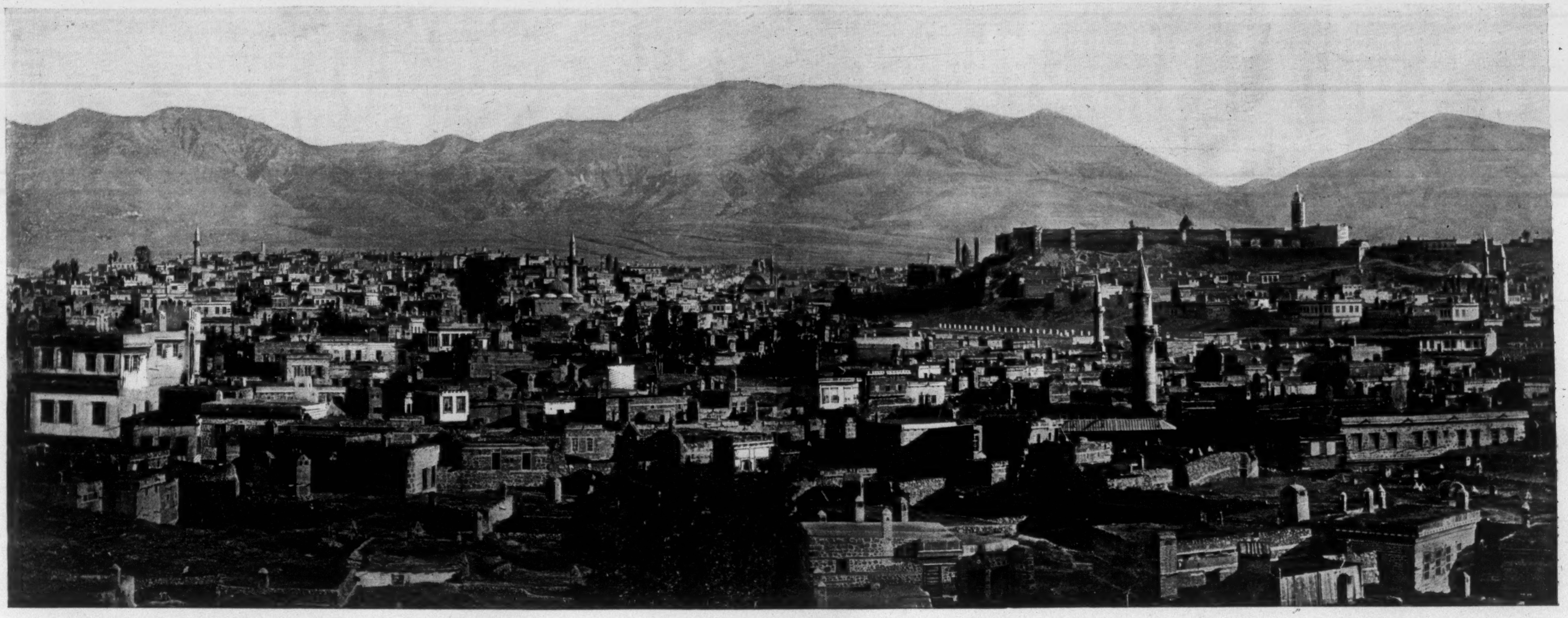
The third and most recent step in the history of Columbia to which public attention has been directed is the adoption of an entirely new course of study for the undergraduate department—or the college, as it is hereafter to be known. The traditional English and American course of study, with required Greek and much prescribed work, has outlived its usefulness. Modern psychology and modern educational science have demonstrated its insufficiency. Thomas Jefferson at the University of Virginia, and Francis Wayland at Brown University, were the forerunners of reform, but the man who first organized broader and freer courses of study, and who recognized fully their social and economic as well as their educational significance, was President Eliot, of Harvard, the most powerful constructive force in the whole history of higher education. The late President Barnard, of Columbia, with his keen educational insight, threw himself warmly into the struggle for new and more generous courses of study at the college that he loved and served, but the time was not yet ripe. Nevertheless, it is the movement initiated by him in 1880 that has just borne fruit. Through all these years the problem has been under more or less formal consideration, and developments elsewhere have been closely scrutinized. As a result there will go into effect at Columbia in 1897, with no dissenting votes recorded against it in any governing board, an undergraduate course of study that has been framed upon sound educational principles, and with full knowledge of the conditions surrounding higher education in the United States. It is a course of study that rests upon the high-schools and academies, and one that any well-trained boy or girl can be prepared to enter upon in his or her seventeenth year. The policy of Columbia College is not to raise the standard of admission requirements in any way that will increase the average age of college students. By the time that he is twenty-one the young man who looks forward to a business career can have been graduated from Columbia, and may take up his life work a liberally educated man. His fellow, who looks forward to a professional career in law, medicine, teaching, or technology, will find himself at the same age one-quarter or one-third way through his thorough professional course. To enable young men to accomplish this is a great service in itself, and one that will help greatly to popularize a college education.

Columbia College has accomplished this in the newly adopted course of study by providing that every candidate for the degree of bachelor of arts may shape his course, under direction, toward any professional school, or toward none, provided that such course includes a knowledge of one ancient language (which will in almost every case be Latin), of French and German, and of mathematics as far as trigonometry; and further, that he pursue in college a laboratory course in some natural science subject for at least one year, a course in history, a course in political economy, a course in logic and psychology, and courses in English for at least two years. These subjects, some of which may be taken in school and some of which must be taken in college, together constitute the irreducible minimum of academic work prescribed for the degree of bachelor of arts. The remainder of the course is made up by each student for himself from the elaborate list of elective studies, which list is arranged with great care and protected from abuse by reasonable regulations.

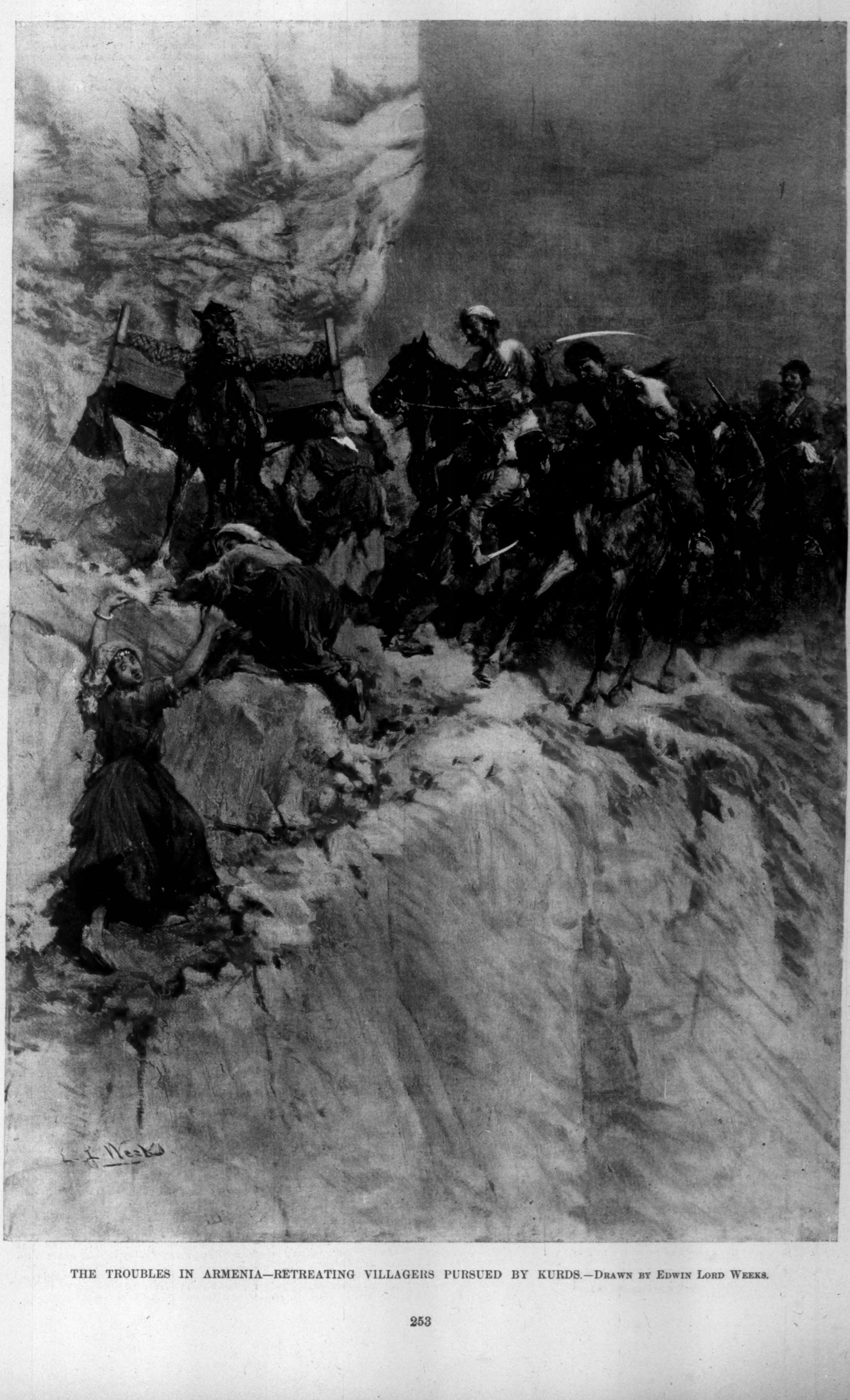
One great danger that has confronted professional and technical education in America has been due to the tendency of students of law, medicine, and technology to avoid the college and to plunge at once into their professional studies on leaving the high-school. While the effect of this could only be to lower the intellectual standard of the professions quaintly described as "learned," it was impossible to criticise it severely while the colleges insisted upon imposing upon all students a narrow, prescribed course of study, from which modern subjects, particularly economics and natural science, were almost wholly excluded. To broaden the college course, and at the same time to make it rest upon the public high-schools—for private institutions and endowed academies can take care of themselves—is the highest service that American institutions for higher education can render to the country. The college then becomes a necessary link between the high-school and the university, and as such will never be displaced. The faculty of Columbia College is fully cognizant of this fact, and has shaped the new course of study so that, while greatly increased opportunities for the study of Greek, Latin, and mathematics are offered to those who wish to devote themselves to these time-honored subjects, the future engineer, chemist, architect, physician, or lawyer is encouraged and aided to prepare himself in a thorough and scholarly way for his career in life by a college course that is specifically adapted to his needs. No course not genuinely liberalizing is possible to the student, but under the term liberal course there are many and various possibilities.

It is not without significance that Columbia, at the very time that it assumes the name university, thus gives the strongest possible evidence that it has not overlooked or forgotten the duties and responsibilities resting upon it as one of the historic American colleges. In this corporation the college and the university exist side by side in a perfectly definite and very helpful relationship.


Sanasarian School.
Armenian Quarter.
Fortifications.
Powder-Magazine.
Fortifications.
Devé Boyoun Pass.
Armenian Church.


Armenian Quarter.
Palan-Duken Mountain.
The Twin Towers.
The Castle and Tower.

THE TROUBLES IN ARMENIA—ERZERUM, THE SCENE OF TURKISH OUTRAGES.—[See Page 254.]



THE TROUBLES IN ARMENIA—RETREATING VILLAGERS PURSUED BY KURDS.—DRAWN BY EDWIN LORD WEEKS.

THE INFLUENCE OF NUMBER IN CRIMINAL SENTENCES.

(CURIOUS MENTAL ASSOCIATION)

Psychologists hold that decision is in large measure the result of the action of certain laws of mental association. If this be true, then the laws of association find an interesting example in the mental action of judges of criminal law in sentencing convicts to terms of confinement in the various penitentiaries of the United States.

The interesting feature of this example is the influence of decimal numbers in determining the length of term of sentences.

If there be any one fact commonly received by careful observers of phenomena of any kind, whether mental, moral, or physical, it is the fact of comparatively uniform gradation from lowest to highest, or from highest to lowest.

Proceeding on this basis we must expect to find such a gradation of crime, reaching from the almost imperceptible separation between innocence and guilt, on by minute yet comparatively uniform gradations to the extreme departure from right marking the crime of the most hardened offender.

Then turning thought to the suiting of sentence to crime, and assuming that courts render judgment justly—which we are bound to do, for no man will undertake any other position than that of regarding our judges as almost universally just men, administering sentence as closely adapted to guilt as they are capable of doing—assuming this, then, one would reasonably expect to find the average number of terms graded uniformly from shortest to longest. That is, taking the several thousands of criminals serving terms in the various penitentiaries of the country, and ascertaining how many are sentenced to one, two, three, or more years, we would expect to find a very large number serving terms of one year, a smaller number terms of two years, and so on, the number regularly diminishing for each year added to the length of term.

This uniformity of decrease could, however, obtain only under a system which should leave our courts free to grade the length of term to the degree of criminality.

As a matter of fact, the courts have practically such privilege. The several laws providing penalties specify limits both as to minimum and maximum terms, but leave to the court the determination of the length of term within the limits named.

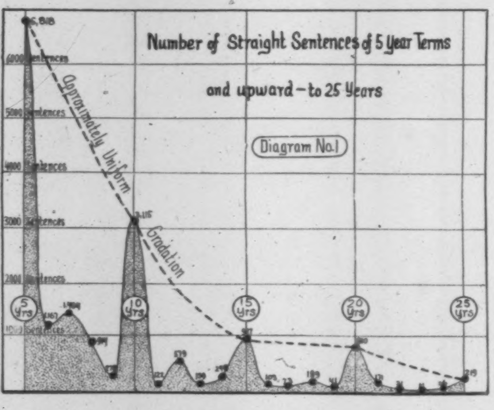
This being the condition of things, one might expect to find a very uniform gradation of sentences in all cases of a given character. For example, suppose the limits for arson to be five and twenty-five years. Exact justice would necessarily result in a uniform gradation of the length of terms of convicts for arson, because, taking all the cases occurring in the whole United States, there would naturally be all degrees of criminality from least to greatest. In the same manner for all convicts for stealing, and so on throughout the whole criminal catalogue.

Putting all these gradations into one great group, it would be natural to expect a comparatively uniform gradation of the whole, showing, perhaps, some abnormal gradations for such periods of years as overlap. For example, suppose the limits in one class to be ten and thirty years, and in another class to be five and fifteen years. The period ten to fifteen years occurring in both classes, it might be expected that the number of sentences imposing ten to fifteen years would be comparatively somewhat greater than those either below or above. At the same time a uniform gradation should result, for in each case it would be natural to expect to find more at ten years than at eleven, and more at eleven than at twelve, and so on, so that putting two such series together the combination should give an approximate uniformity of decrease.

The reader will probably admit that the positions taken are reasonable. He is therefore to meet an interesting revelation in the examination of the diagrams given herewith, which portray the facts in the case.

Diagram No. 1 shows the number of convicts serving "straight sentences"* of five years, six years, seven years, and upward to twenty-five years, as reported by the returns of the eleventh census of the United States.

This diagram corroborates the position taken, if the broken line connecting the five-year points alone be observed, for the largest number is found at five years, a smaller number at ten years, and so on by a fairly uniform gradation to twenty-five years. The number at twenty years shows a slight lack of uniformity in gradation, and that may easily be the result of an overlap, as already suggested.



It is natural to expect that the numbers at six years, seven years, and so forth will at least approximately conform to the curve (broken line) connecting the five-year points. The large black dots (at the upper edge of the shaded part of the diagram), together with the figures printed with them, tell the number of sentences at five years, six years, seven years, and so forth. It is very plain that there is a great lack of uniform gradation, for in each case the four dots between the five-year points are far below the broken line which connects the five-year dots.

The uplift at each fifth year shows the action of the law of association. In other words, it shows that when the judge ponders over the length of imprisonment which is suited to each individual case, the numbers 5, 10, 15, and so on exert a powerful influence on his judgment. The numbers 7 and 12 also appear to exert a marked influence, for there are many more sentences of seven years (1404) than of six years (1167); and also of twelve years (519) than of eleven years (122). It is very clear that there are many more serving five and ten year sentences, and many less serving six, seven, eight, and nine year sentences, than if the length of terms were evenly graded.

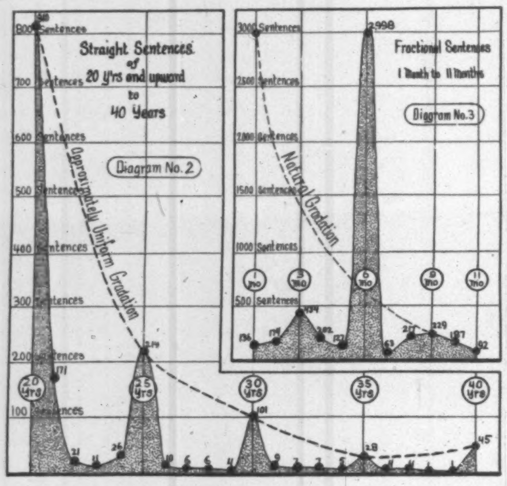


Diagram No. 2 portrays the number of sentences for each of the terms from twenty years to forty years (on an enlarged scale, so that the fewer numbers may be the better studied). This portrayal corresponds strongly to that of No. 1.

Diagram No. 3 portrays the fractional parts of sentences after the same manner. This portrayal shows the influence of the quarter-year, and especially the half-year, in determining judgment, and is no less interesting and instructive than Exhibits Nos. 1 and 2, showing the five-year influence. It is, however, more remarkable, for instead of the largest number falling at one month it falls at six months, and the number at six months is much greater than the sum of all the rest combined.

Of course no man, even including the judges themselves who pronounce sentence, would undertake to claim that criminality is graduated so irregularly as are the terms of sentence. If, then, the calmest, the best-educated judgments deviate so far, in suiting penalty to guilt, what wonder if ordinary judgment in the less serious affairs of communities makes many mistakes?

What wonder if a simple misstep of neighbor or friend is often misjudged when so innocent a cause as the decimal system of numbers, or the duodecimal months of the year, leads learned judges to make such strange gradation of sentence?

F. W. Hewes.

---

* By "straight sentences" is meant sentences of an exact number of years. Of the 39,757 definite sentences being served in 1890, 34,898 were "straight" and the rest fractional—that is, expressed in years and months instead of in years only.

THE MASTER'S PEN—A CONFESSION.

In my collection famed of curios
I have, as every bookman knows,
A pen that Thackeray once used.
To be amused,
I thought I'd "take that pen in hand,"
And see what came of it—what grand
Inspired lines 'twould write,
One Sunday night.
I dipped it in the ink,
And tried to think,
"Just what shall I indite?"
And do you know, that pen went fairly mad;
A dreadful time with it I had.
It spluttered, spattered, scratched, and blotted so,
I had to give it up, you know.
It really wouldn't work for me,
And so I put it down; but last night, after tea,
I took it up again,
And equally in vain.
The hours sped;
I went to bed,
And in my dreams the pen came up to me and said:
"Here is the list of Asses who have tried
To take up pens the master laid aside;
Look thou!" I looked, and lo!—perhaps you've guessed—
My name, like Abou Ben's, led all the rest!

ERZERUM.

Erzerum is a city situated on high table-land among the mountains of Ararat. It is about 120 miles southeast of Trebizond, its seaport on the Black Sea, and is reached by a fairly good carriage-road, which crosses two lofty ranges of mountains. This road, however, is good only in the summer, for in the winter the drifting snow makes it quite impassable in the parts most exposed, and the caravans of horses and camels have to pick their way where they can, regardless of the road.

The Erzerum region is practically treeless; mountain and plain are equally destitute of foliage. A few willows and poplars are found in the city, and near the mills a short distance outside, but there are neither orchards nor forests. Although several degrees south of Naples, the winters are very severe. This is due to its altitude, for the city itself is more than 6000 feet above the sea, and is surrounded by peaks several thousand feet higher. Snow falls early, often, and lies on the ground for months; the cold is sometimes intense, the thermometer registering 20° below zero for several days in succession. Many of the people, especially the villagers, wear "the long fingerless glove" which Professor Sayce says "is one of the most frequent of the Hittite hieroglyphs." The curious thing is that these mittens are worn singly, and not in pairs, as one would suppose, the bare hand being thrust into the pocket or the girdle.

The houses are adapted to the climate—the walls are thick and the windows small. They were formerly half underground, and even in the case of those built more recently (like ours and many others) the entrance passage was several steps below the level of the street. Wood is scarce and expensive, but is absolutely necessary for stoves. In the fireplaces and the underground ovens, called "tandoors," however, cagon or "tegek" (made of manure) can be used. The poor get only wood enough to start the "tegek," and depend on this artificial fuel for cooking purposes as well as heating.

The flat roofs take the place of courts or gardens in other countries; there on the sunny days of spring or autumn women work and children play. Few have any parapet, and I have often wondered that the children did not come to grief; but instinct, bred by generations of experience, seems to answer the purpose of a parapet and to keep them from tumbling off. When, late in the winter, the streets are hummocked with heaps of snow shovelled from the roofs, or in the spring when the frozen mass begins to melt, revealing the heaps of refuse and manure, and filling the streets with slush and water, rendering them almost impassable, the dry roofs, high above this seething mass of filth, afford a fine place for exercise, with air tolerably pure, and unobstructed views in every direction. One is sometimes rewarded by a lovely sunrise or a magnificent sunset. At first one misses the green we are accustomed to in New England; we hunger for *trees;* for a few dwarf willows or scrawny poplars are unworthy the name. Oh, for the oak, the elm, or the pine! But the instinct of admiration is so strong that one soon begins to find beauties where it had seemed hopeless to look for them. The reds and yellows that "H. H." discourses about in her loving tribute to Colorado, nay, even the grays and the browns, begin to delight the eye, especially when weary of the dazzling mantle of snow, which nature dons early, and which is often unbroken for months.

On the north and west Erzerum is protected by elaborate earth-works, which to some extent encircle the city. There are no public gardens or parks, and the private gardens are few in number and small in extent. Beyond the fortifications there are market gardens which provide the market with fresh vegetables. The gardeners are Lazes—from Lazistan, on the Black Sea—wild and savage by nature and Mohammedan by religion. Excellent water is brought into the city from Palan-Duken, the mountain to the south.

Many households keep one or more cows, and it is interesting to see them, when let out in the early morning, betake themselves in the right direction to join the others—as little rills flow together into a river—and follow the cowherd to the plain, and on returning at night turning to right and left, seeking their own stables. The cow, as well as the ass, knows her "master's crib."

A little beyond Erzerum one may see the waters of three rivers, which empty themselves in widely separated seas—the Euphrates, the Aras, and the Choruk.

Erzerum is said to have been founded by a Grecian general, A.D. 415. Its Byzantine name was Theodosiopolis. As Ardzen (or Arsen)-i-Roum it was taken by the Seljuks in A.D. 1201, and is said to have lost 140,000 of its inhabitants at that time. The survivors removed to the present site, which is a little further west. In 1517 it came into the hands of the Ottoman Turks.

Before October 30, 1895, Erzerum had a population of 50,000 to 60,000, about one-third of whom were Armenians. It is impossible to get accurate statistics in Turkey, but it is estimated that there were 2500 to 3000 Armenian houses. There are also a few Greeks, some Jews, about 500 Persians, and 200 to 300 Lazes. Erzerum *had* a very good bazar, supplied with European as well as Persian goods. Fruit came from the warm valleys of Tortum and Gumush Khaneh, as well as the plain of Erzengan. All the workers in metals—goldsmiths, coppersmiths, and blacksmiths—were Armenians, as well as the tailors and makers of European shoes. Brass-casting, the making of stoves and fire-arms, carpentry and cabinet-making, were in the hands of the Armenians; the bakers and most of the merchants were Armenians. Almost every Christian shop was looted, making absolute beggars of well-to-do people.

The Turks are civil and military officers, landlords, saddlers, muleteers, grocers, makers of the native shoe (a coarse article of inferior leather and workmanship, made after the old Hittite pattern), and butchers.

Nearly in the middle background of the larger picture on page 252 is the Palan-Duken Mountain. An elevation on the right is crowned by the castle from within which rises the lofty tower called Tepsi Minaré, originally a watch-tower—now a clock-tower. It is built of brick. A Cufic inscription near the top consists of good wishes for Abil Kasima's grandson, Muzafer Bey, who was governor at that time, and dates from the twelfth century.

The quarter immediately about the castle is Turkish, but there are also some Christian shops.

Immediately to the left of the castle is a pointed dome between two towers. The latter are called Chifté Minaré, which may be translated the Twin Towers. They are built of fine bricks or tiles, and fluted like Doric columns. The edges of the flutings are a turquoise blue, which produces the effect of an azure pattern on a dark ground. They are evidently Persian.

A tragico-ridiculous story is told of their erection. One of the towers was built by the architect, the other by his pupil. When the work of the latter was adjudged the better of the two by the populace, the architect, overwhelmed with chagrin, threw himself from the top of his tower. The pupil, overwhelmed with grief, threw himself from the top of *his* tower.

> "And this was the end of one, two, three—
> The rat, the mouse, and little froggie!"

The building which these towers decorate was intended for a college, and probably belongs to the tenth century. It has an elaborately carved doorway.

To the right but outside of the picture is an Armenian quarter which was ravaged October 30th, together with the large Armenian quarter seen in the left of the photograph.

In the smaller picture the houses in the foreground are Christian, but between them and the hill to the right is a Turkish quarter with barracks. Fortifications crown the hill. On the right a line between the hills indicates the Devé Boyoun Pass—the Camel's Neck, on account of its crookedness.

The chimneys are the most striking feature of this view. Had it been taken in the early fall, many of the roofs would have shown piles of "tegek," which is made in blocks and stacked there to dry.

Just above the city, on the slope of the hill in the centre, is a powder-magazine. Several of the foreign consulates are in this quarter of the city.

From the powder magazine we can trace the fortifications down the slope of the hill to the plain stretching out to the mountain rampart on the north. The slender line at the base of the mountains is the Kara-Sou, or northern branch of the Euphrates. This plain was dotted in the early fall with villages, which are now ruined, many of them beyond all repair. Murder, plunder, arson, rape, all the worst crimes men can commit, have been perpetrated here.

In the extreme left is the Armenian church, and just to the right of it the row of windows belongs to the Sanasarian school, a splendid school for Armenian boys, founded nearly twenty years ago by a Russian Armenian. In this section is a large Armenian quarter, as well as bazars, which witnessed awful crimes on that fatal day. North of the church is the Armenian cemetery, which from one day's "discipline of the Armenians" garnered a harvest of nearly six hundred slain, "simply wrecks of human bodies," as they are described by an eye-witness of the awful scene. How many other bodies were disposed of by the Turks themselves only the Recording Angel knows.

May the God of justice and mercy deal in His own right way both with the murderers and despoilers and their surviving victims!

H. LE POER.

THE GRAY MAN.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

AUTHOR OF "THE STICKIT MINISTER," "THE RAIDERS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

ABOUT MINE ANCIENT SWEETHEART.

AFTER he was gone I cast in my mind, and for the life of me I could not decide whether the fellow had been lying to me or not. It was indeed a thing to be wondered at that this chance scoundrel should know (what I had thought known only to my Lord of Cassillis and my master) that after the fight in the barn I should have carried away, clinched in my hand, the key of the treasure-chest of Kellwood.

Now after this encounter the goodwife of the Grieve could not make enough of me. Indeed, if anything, she made too much of me. For instead of suffering her daughter and Nell to entertain me as before while she went about her work, she thought it her duty, as soon as one of them came in and sat down, to leave that which she was about and come and sit down with us for company. Now Mistress Allison was a good woman and agreeable of her tongue, but I did not feel the necessity of this byordinar kindness.

Yet it was not easy to alter it. Then in the evenings came Robert Harburgh to see me. At once he came once a week while my wounds kept me weak and fretful. Then, as I grew better, he came twice. And when I was able to sit up it came about that he would arrive every night and bide till bedtime, so that I was shamed to have him sitting there, and feared that he might be burdensome to Kate Allison and her mother.

For Robert Harburgh had but little to say, but he ever looked and proved kindly; also, he brought me many things from Maybole and elsewhere—oranges and wine that had been shipped to Irvine from foreign parts; neckerchiefs also for Kate and her mother. A quiet fellow was Robert, somewhat dull, and with little to say for himself; but a noble sworder, and wholly without care for his body when it came to fighting.

Now it was a strange thing that I, who had played the lover to Kate Allison, should be laid by the heels in her father's house, hearing the whip and frisk of her gown about the house all day. And I still loved to hear it, for she was a bonny lass and kind—kind to me. Also, her eyes were pleasant, and had both mischief and tears in them—not like Nell Kennedy's, that had only mischief and scorn in them—save once, as it seemed to me, a little while when I was deadly fevered, and when Dr. Low, of Ayr, the Earl of Cassillis's own physician, ordered me herb drinks, and shook his wiseacre's head like a most melancholious billy-goat. Then for a little Nell's eyes were quiet and sorrowful.

But it did not last. By the time that I could get a scheme laid to take advantage of the gleam of kindness, she was but mine own ill-set lassie-boy of a Nell, and we were throng at the quarrelling just as usual. But, as I say, Kate Allison was kind to me. Many a night when the weather was hot, and my wounds paining me as though they would open, would she sit by me with clear caller water from the spring, changing soft linen cloths. And when the drops stood on my brow she would touch them gently away and lay her own cool cheek against my forehead. Aye, and when I put my hand up and drew down her face she would kiss me right frankly upon the lips. Yet, as I judged, not quite as of old. But I thought it might be the illness that made the difference; for, being ill and feverish, nothing tastes the same. And so I thought it might be with kisses.

But after I had grown stronger I shall ever mind me of one night when I got a horrid awakening. It was a quiet gloaming. Kate Allison and I had the house to ourselves, which, speaking for myself, I did not object to. I lay stretched on cushions which Nell Kennedy had brought from the great house upon the long oaken settle. Kate sat beside me on a stool and leaned an elbow on the oak's edge. She was silent, and sometimes I touched her cheek lightly with my hand. It was a most pleasant night, and my thoughts were full of pity for her. I thought that, though I might have looked higher, I might do worse in time than think of setting down with a sweet and pleasant lass like Kate Allison. It was so touching to me that she should never have wavering from loving me all the time that I had been thinking of others. But that, I said, is the way of women.

We were silent a great while with the silence that needs no speech, and my heart had grown melting and kindly to the lass, even as it had been in old days. All of a sudden she spoke.

"Launce," said she, "I'm going to be married!"

She never moved her head off her hand, leaning with her elbow on the edge of the settle, and looking away from me out at the door. Neither did she draw her hand from mine, but rather settled it the more kindly.

Yet any one might have knocked me off the settle with a straw.

"Married!" said I. "Aye, Kate lass, of course you are going to be married. 'Tis what you and I must come to. I assure you, I have been thinking about that. There are not the makings of an old maid about you!"

This I said, and waited for the answer of her eyes to laugh and make my jest. But she did not look at me. I do not think she heard me.

"I am to be married on Thursday!" she said, calmly.

"Kate Allison!" I said, trying to turn my head that I might look into her eyes. I thought to see the make-believe in them. But as women know to do, she evaded me without seeming to be conscious of it. "Why, Kate Allison, sweetheart," said I, "how can I be ready by Thursday, laid here on my back, with you only to care for me?"

"I am to be married on Thursday to Robert Harburgh!" she said.

Then I drew my hand away, and sat as erect and stern as the settle and my sickness would let me; for it is hard to be dignified and like a soldier lying on a couch and wrapped in women's shawls.

"I am deceived," said I. "Mine own familiar friend, in whom I trusted, has betrayed me, coming to steal that which was dear to me when I lay weak and weary."

And I think to make a rise, for I had an idea that I must go and get my sword, though what for I cannot now imagine. But Kate Allison gently put me back on the pillows, and sat down, taking one of my hands again in hers, and drawing her stool nearer to me.

I tried to withdraw my hand from hers, but, being weak, she masterfully kept it.

"You have played with me and deceived me, Kate Allison," I cried, as soon as I could command my voice. "You have forgotten the old days, and all that we were to one another."

But Kate Allison never winced, but let me say my say out. And by this I knew that the old days were gone indeed. She was mightily set in her mind.

"Launce," she said, gently—"Launce, dear sweetheart, hearken—I am fond of you No lass in Carrick but would like you, even for your faults, which are what all may see."

What she might have meant I have no idea.

"Ye are perfect for a lad that comes courting, and I liked ye fine—aye, and like ye yet. But I saw lang syne that the lads that court best are not the men that marry best."

"Women are all traitors!" said I, with indignation tingling all through my body. "They kiss and they forget. And then in a trice they go kiss another—"

"Aye," replied Kate Allison, with a little more gravity, "and I mean to have a word with you on that very thing."

She paused for a moment, and looked staidly and thoughtfully out of the window. I thought at nineteen that I wholly understood all women. But now I know that when I am twice that and more the simplest seeming of them will be able to wrap me in her daidly-apron and sell me for green cabbage.

"Listen, Launce, my dear," she said. "I was but a Grieve's lass, and not unbonny of my face, so you courted me. You longed for kissing, being a heartsome lad with a way with you and a glint in your e'e. And so you kissed me, and I said ye not nay. But you went over the hill to the Boreland and you kissed Grace, and you kissed the lass at the house of the Red Moss—and you thought that I would never know it. And, more, you expected that none else should come near to kiss me. Aye, and would have waxed mightily indignant and flashed a brave sword had any dared. For that is the excellent way of the lads that come courting, but not at all the way of the men that wise women marry."

I was mazed and confounded before her, but could not answer a word. For the thing was as true as if she had read my heart. Where had the lass so learned the ways of men?

"Forgotten your kisses, Launce?" she went on, "and what of them? I count kisses but as the X's and O's that bairns make on the flags with soft cam-stone—gone when the game is over. The home-coming from the fair at Maybole."

"And the kisses that you and I have kissed," said I, bitterly, "were these X's or O's?"

"Launce," said Kate Allison, "we have dreamed a pleasant dream, you and I. We have awaked. It is a new day. We wash the dreams off our faces, and are ready to meet the morning with the sunshine in our eyes. Together we have sipped the cream. It is time to drink the milk. We have gathered the flowers—let us look to the fruit."

"Kate," said I, more kindly, "when did you think all these things?"

For the lassie made me marvel with the aptness of her speech, and ashamed with the plain saying of things that I had hardly named within myself.

"Ah," she said, gently and wisely, "the thoughts of a lass when a lad comes courting her are more than she tells with her lips. For many a kiss is honey-sweet on the lips, but bitter as gall in the heart. Yet so has it not been with yours and mine. We loved, and we part as the summer wind that has kissed the apple blossom in the spring when the year is glad."

She made to rise from her seat.

"I must go," she said.

"To go meet Robert Harburgh and to kiss him. I thought I knew his whistle!" said I, with my heart raging angry and disconsolate in spite of her words, which I could not answer.

"Aye," she said, rising and setting her lips to my brow, which I pettishly turned away, being weakly sullen, "even so to meet Robert Harburgh and to kiss him."

And with that she passed to the door. She turned ere she went out to say a last word.

"And you, Launce, will one day desire to leave kissing comforts and find abiding love. And you need not go far afield to look for it, either."

Thus I was alone with a heaving heart. And I am not ashamed to say that I wept for poor Launce Kennedy, who had none to care for him in the wide lone world, in which he was so sore wounded and laid aside like an old shoe or a broken sword.

And even as I wept and pitied myself, Nell Kennedy danced in, merry as the morn, and brought a great spray of hawthorn to set in a dish of water to keep the room sweet.

And, I declare, I never knew the lass look so winsome before.

CHAPTER XXII.

A MARRIAGE MADE IN HELL.

WHEN Robert Harburgh came in to see me in the evening I was chill in my reception; but since he was of a calm temper, though so great a sworder, I might just as well have embraced him, for a difference it made to him.

"So," I said, without giving him more than time to sit down—for all my days I must ever be at a thing and have done with it—"so you are going to marry Kate Allison?"

"She was proposing so," said he, as calmly as he had walked across the yard to the summer-house with the hackbut bullets splattering about him and the guns going *crack-crack* down the hedge-rows like a class of bairns when the dominie asks a question.

"So," said I. "And you were thinking that that was the action of a friend when your comrade was laid by the heels?"

"I was thinking so," said he, looking out of the window at the trees.

"Did you not know," I cried—for I was angered beyond words, being weak, and taking ill with the cherry being snatched out of my mouth—"did you not know that Kate Allison was my lass before she was yours? Did she tell you that?" said I.

Now, had I been myself, I should not thus have told left-handed tales on a lass, even though I thought with some reason she had deceived me.

"I was not deprived of the sight of my eyes," said he, very quietly.

"And you mean by that—?" said I, trembling with anger.

"That I did not need telling that you were courting the lass off and on for a year or twa, and she took it not ill."

"And in spite of that, you made up to Kate Allison when I was lying ill upon my bed?" I asked him, bitterly.

"How long may you have kenned Kate Allison?" said Robert Harburgh to me, in his turn.

"Six years," said I.

"And did you ever in that time ask her to marry you?" he asked.

"No," said I, not seeing what he was driving at.

"Then," said Robert, very dryly, "I did, though I kenned her not six weeks. And I would not wonder," he repeated, as though deep in meditation—"I would not wonder but that is the reason she is going to marry me."

So I turned over in bed in the sullens, and Robert Harburgh went away, saying, only, "Ye are angry, Launcelot, but ye will find us good friends, and blythe will we be to see you at the five merk lands of Chitterlintie my lord is setting to Kate and me."

However, as things fell out, the wedding was not to be on the Thursday, nor yet many Thursdays, for Robert was bidden ride with the Earl to the Inch, his new house in Galloway. Hither he had gone to set pressure on the country lairds, who were holders, to gar them pay the dues which he, Grab-siller John, thought had been too long overlooked by his forebears. As the business was likely to prove a troublesome one, he sent for Robert Harburgh to ride with him. So, without so much as stopping to dismount, for the message came when he had been on duty, Robert Harburgh rode away. And if you will believe it, he went without so much as kissing his sweetheart. He leaned down and shook hands with her. But, as for me, I marvelled how she bore with that, for, to my certain knowledge, she liked the other not so ill.

Just as I was daily getting stronger, I got another shock, which had, I think, even more effect on me than had the other. One morning there came Sir Thomas down from the Castle, and I could see that he was full to the teeth with news. He walked with so great confidence, and swung a little stick made with two stems of ivy which I had given him, very quaint and curious.

"It is all done now," he said, as soon as ever he had gotten himself seated; "there are to be no more ill times in Carrick, and blood shall not flow any more in the West. John Muir of Auchendrayne and I have settled it between us. His son and apparent heir, James, is to marry to-morrow with my daughter."

I stared at him, stunned and dumfounded.

"Aye," he said, "it is short notice, but young folks, ye ken—and my daughter would not hear of a great wedding; only what was fitting and plain."

"Your daughter?" I said, steadying myself, though my heart was like to break, for I thought all my friends were to leave me together.

"Aye, Marjorie," said Sir Thomas. "She is a quietlike lass and says little, and when I put the matter of the marriage to her, she said, only, 'But if it will staunch the feud, I am ready to marry whomsoever you will—Sir Thomas Tode, gin you like!' But that was her daffing; for, as we all know, Sir Thomas is married already. And even if he were not, marrying him would be neither here nor there in the matter of the Cassillis and Bargany feuds.

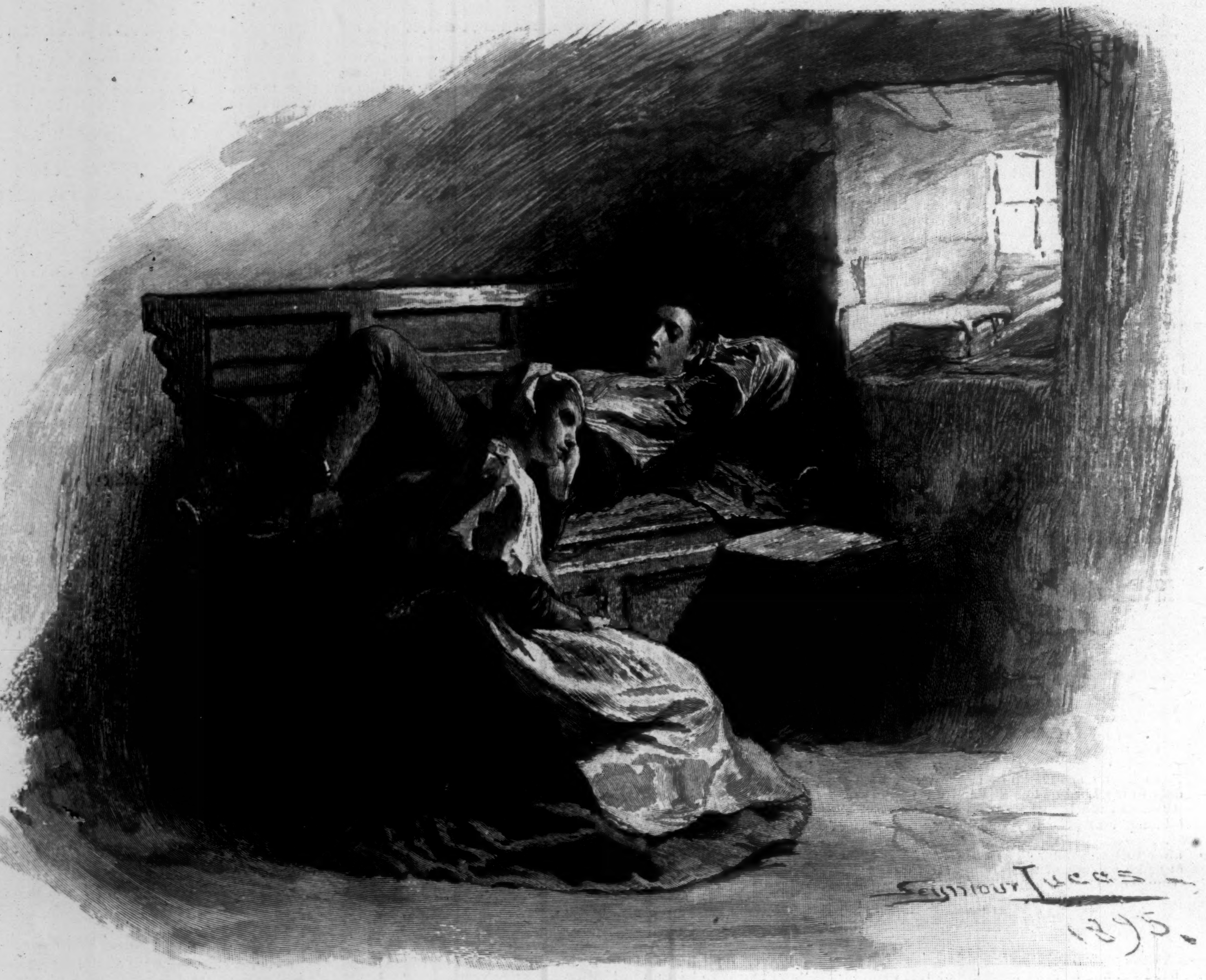
For my good master never saw far into a whin-bush all his days, though accounted by all a wise man.

On the morrow I put on my complete accoutrements for the first time. I had Dom Nicholas saddled, for I felt strong once more, and greatly desired to be away from the place. So I stood by the gate as the party from Auchendrayne came in, and saluted them, as was my duty. Then I was for riding away alone by the shore road, when I heard as in the distance the sound as of a cavalcade.

Bridles were jingling, stirrups pricking, and spear-heads made points of light, while the white foam went blowing back from the hard-ridden horses. When they rode up I saw that they were as trenchant a set of blades as ever a man might wish to set eyes on. And at the head of them rode Gilbert Kennedy of Bargany.

---

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2037.



"KATE SAT BESIDE ME ON A STOOL AND LEANED AN ELBOW ON THE OAK'S EDGE."

So, not knowing whether they came in peace or war, I set myself upright on the back of Dom Nicholas, who was of so great freshness with kicking of his heels in the park that he was ill to keep at the stand. Nevertheless, stand I did in the midst of the outer gate, so that I should know whether they came in peace or war, and have time to cry to the porter, even if they rode rough-shod over me.

And though I was weak, and knew not what might happen, it was an untellable joy to be somebody again, and to gar men reckon with me.

But, being pale, I fear I made a poor figure to stand in the gate and withhold so many. For during my captivity the hair on my face had begun to grow in a manner that was surprising, and a constant trouble to me to keep shaven.

"Halt!" I cried to them. "How come you to Culzean—in peace or boding for war?"

"But to wish the Tutor luck on his birthday in passing," said Gilbert, "and then to ride on to the help of John, Earl of Cassillis."

So, much astonished at what had befallen, and especially at his last saying, I fell in behind him, and the word was given to ride on.

But Bargany called me to come beside him, and asked me of my health. I replied that I had been long time sick of a wound, but that I was now recovered and desired action, being sicker far of the doing of nothing.

Whereat he laughed, and said, "Be cheerful, and if ye want blows, I will ask the loan of you as a hostage from your master."

Then, seeing the stir about the doors, and the serving-men running with flagons and dishes, he said: "'Tis a great stir for only the Tutor's birthday. What may be the occasion?"

Then, with my eyes secretly upon his, I told Gilbert Kennedy that the Lady Marjorie was to be married that day to James Muir of Auchendrayne. I never saw a man's countenance change so suddenly. The fire sprang to his eyes, and died out again like dead tinder. The blood flushed hot to his face, and returning, left him pale as a maid in a decline.

Then I minded how I had taken the matter. Yet I was sorrier for him, because I knew that he had loved her longer and better than I. Then he tossed his hand, and cried: "We are in time for a bridal, brave lads; this is more than we bargained for. Let us go greet the bride and wish her joy."

And that, I grant, was a better way than sulking and self-pity in the greenwood, which would have been mine that day had I been left alone.

With that he put the horses to the gallop, and we came through the narrow pass of the drawbridge by two and two. The roar of the horses passing over was as the roar of the sea when the storm drives up from the west.

As we came by the corner of the terrace I saw him give a look at the window of the White Tower, which faced to the landward. It had been the Lady Marjorie's, and now was to be hers no more. Then I saw him look down on the fretting sea as it tumbled white on the pebbles and rocks by the Cove. And I knew why he looked there; and I knew more—I remembered what I had heard Marjorie say after he had gone clanking down the shore in his anger and pride.

Yet all the while Bargany rode light-handed upon his bridle-rein, all the pride of his horsemen coming behind him with the music of hoofs and the dance of red and white pennons.

I wondered not that, as they said, he took the eyes of ladies wherever he went, so that the Queen's bower-women quarrelled concerning him, till her Majesty said: "I shall have no peace till I take him for myself. But what would James say if young Bargany sang 'John, come kiss me now,' beneath my bower window?"

More than all ladies' favors I envied him such a brave repair of horse to follow him, for Culzean was too poor, and the Lord of Cassillis too near the bone, to keep any such array of mounted gentlemen.

For hackbutmen, and footmen with spears, were more to our Earl's mind, being better in the day of war, and a deal cheaper in the days of peace—which even in these troubled times were so many more than the days of fighting.

As we rode up, and the squadron halted with a great spattering of sand and tossing of the heads of horses, the wedding folk were just coming out. First of all there came the bride, our Marjorie, the Marjorie that had been ours, on James Muir's arm—he that now was her husband; and behind them came the Minister of Maybole and Sir Thomas, walking together very caigy and jocose.

But Marjorie's face was like stone, though the bitterness of death overpast was gone from it. I trust mine eyes may never see such a look of reproach and pain in any human face as was in hers when she saw Gilbert Kennedy sitting his horse in front of the squadron on the stones from the sea-shore that were laid in front of the castle steps. But Gilbert only saluted her, and cried aloud, "Luck to the wedding and health to the bride!"

Then ran Sir Thomas to him and took his hand, running over with kindliness and pleasure.

"The feud is staunched indeed when I see Bargany in peace at the house of Culzean, even as my good friend the Laird of Auchendrayne said it would be. What might be your errand? And light off your beasts and bide to feast with us."

"I cannot," said Bargany. "The Earl of Cassillis is besieged in the house of Inch by the Lairds of Galloway, and I ride to his assistance."

Then she that had been Marjorie Kennedy turned to him and said, "And will ye indeed staunch the feud for John Muir's sake, that would not do it for mine?"

Which seemed to me a strange mode of speech to be spoken in the hearing of her husband on his wedding-day. But I had forgotten that none had the key to the utterance saving Gilbert Kennedy and myself.

"The staunching of the feud is neither yours nor mine, Lady Majorie," said Bargany, bending very gently toward her, "but I cannot bide still in my house at the town of Ayr while a Kennedy of Cassillis—my enemy though he be—is dared, outfaced, and threatened by a pack of Galloway Lairds."

"Are they, then, ill men and far in the wrong?" said she.

"On the contrary, they are good men and in the right. But that does not hinder me from standing for my name against every other, even though that house is foredoomed to fall because it is divided against itself."

Then he turned to my master, saying to him, "For this time, and as a pledge to my Lord the Earl John that I mean his good, will you permit Launcelot, your esquire, to ride in my company—he that hath oft ridden well against my folk?"

"Gladly," said Sir Thomas; "but the boy has been ill."

"It is no far ride, and the boy needs a change of air, and foes of mettle to strengthen his sword-arm against."

So in a trice I was ready to follow my house's enemy.

As I turned I saw John Muir of Auchendrayne standing, looking, in the dignity of his white hair, most like a saint, though I knew him to be that which I will not name. I heard him say to my master: "Ye see, did not I tell you? This marriage brings all things already. And this is but the beginning."

"Nay," replied Sir Thomas, "indeed it is most gratifying, and well done of you. Who would have believed a week ago that to-day Bargany would have saddled his steeds and mounted his men to ride to the succor of John, Earl of Cassillis?"

And I saw my good master raise his hand and clap Auchendrayne upon the shoulder. Then, for very hate and loathing, I turned away. Even as I did so I saw the eye of John Muir on the watch, and I knew he understood. For his glance was like a rapier-thrust when your enemy means killing.

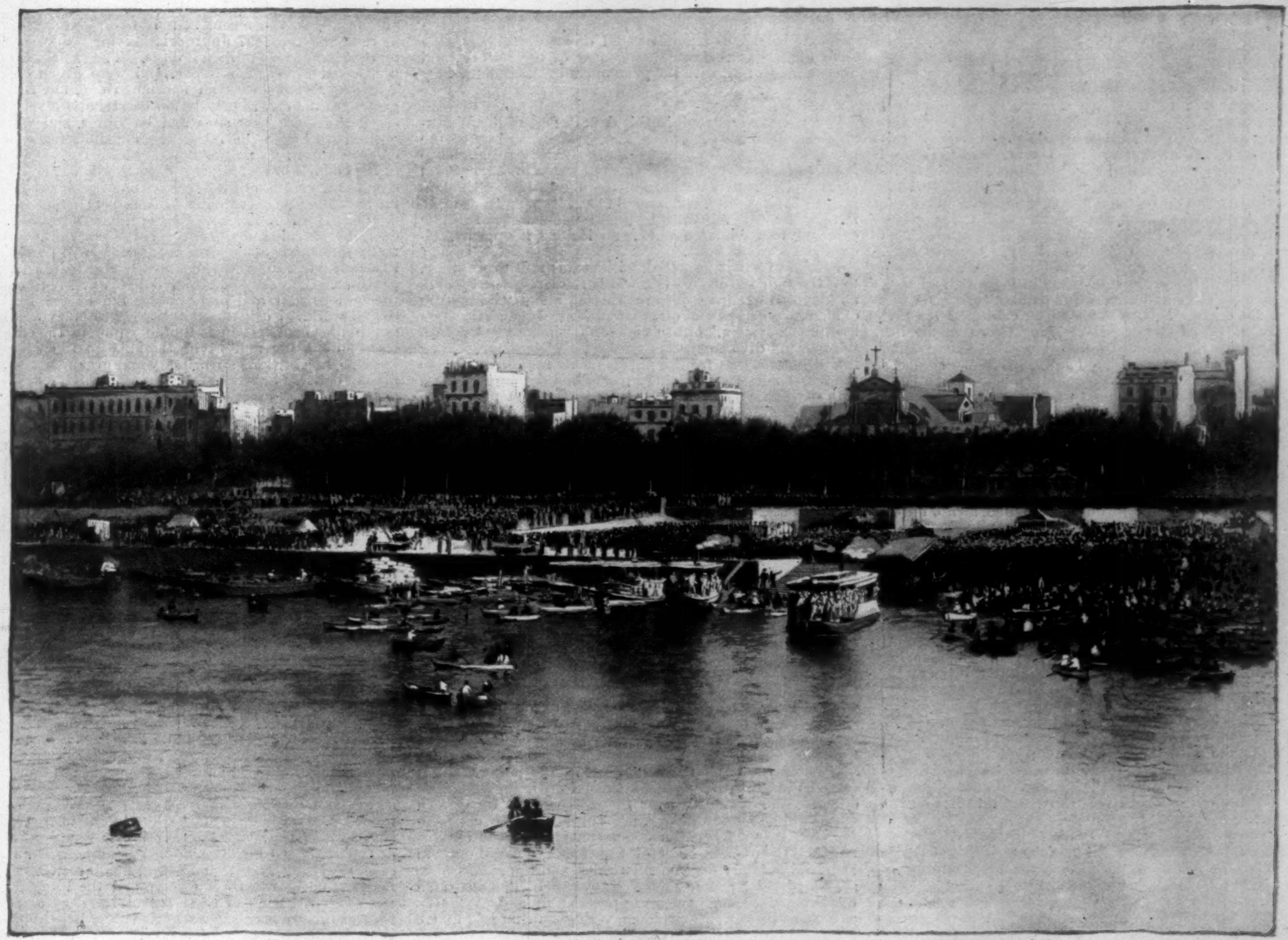
Ere the horsemen turned to ride away, Marjorie came down the steps to where Bargany sat, and slipping a ring off her finger, she handed it up to him.

"For your Isobel Stewart!" she said.

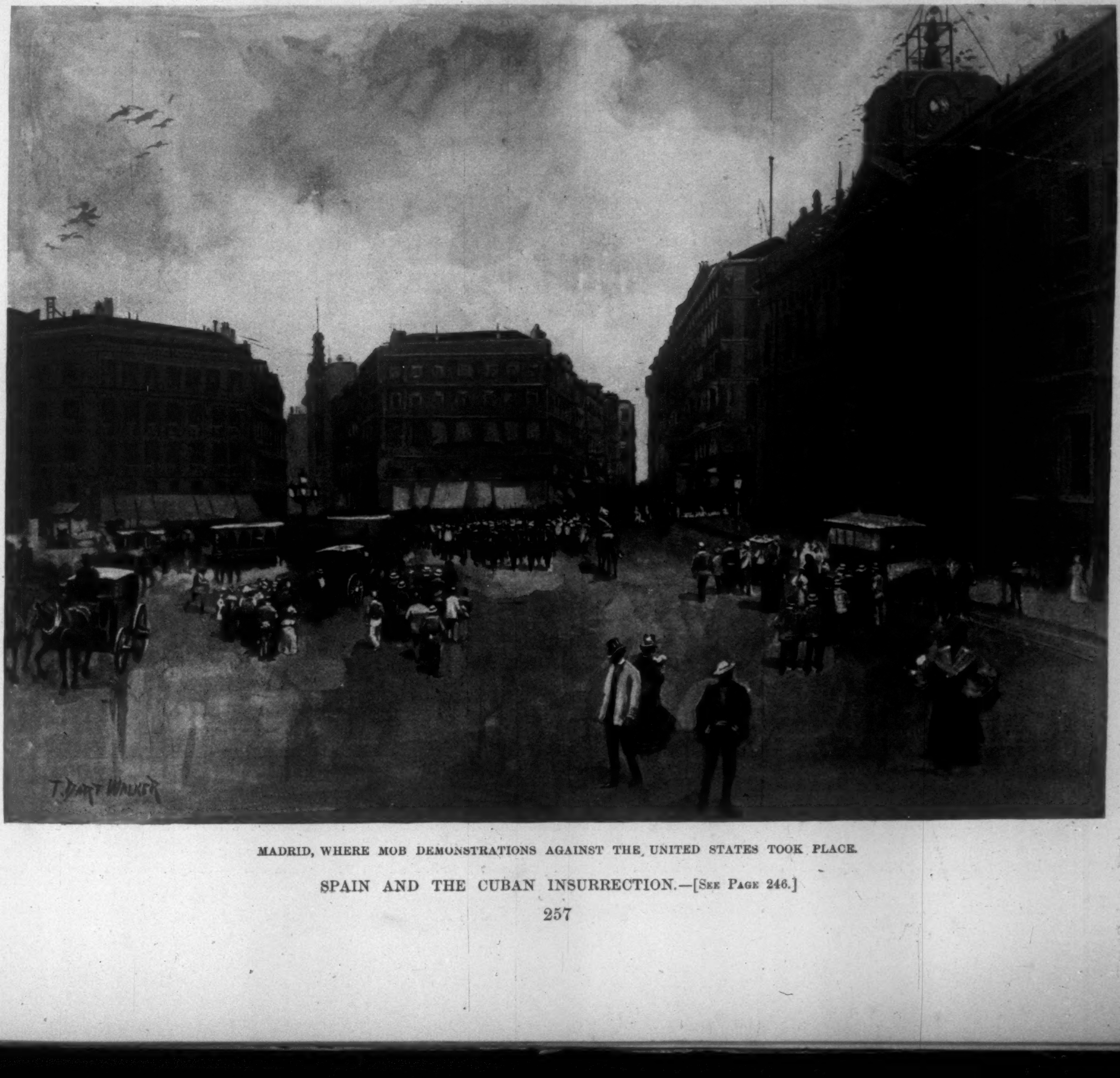
And though I saw it not, I am as certain as if I had seen the crest and posy upon it that the ring was his own, which he had given her in some past day when they had other hopes than to part in this fashion on her wedding-day.

Then, with a quick cry of command and the clatter of hoofs, we rode away. And that was the last parting of Gilbert and Marjorie Kennedy, who had been lovers ever since they were bairns, and linked themselves together for man and wife with chains of gowans upon the braes of Culzean.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE MOLE AT BARCELONA—TROOPS FOR CUBA LEAVING FOR THE TRANSPORT.



MADRID, WHERE MOB DEMONSTRATIONS AGAINST THE UNITED STATES TOOK PLACE.

SPAIN AND THE CUBAN INSURRECTION.—[SEE PAGE 246.]

THIS BUSY WORLD

Sir John Everett Millais, the new president of the Royal Academy, is probably known to more people through the reproductions of his paintings than any other living artist. Of such pictures of his as "The Huguenot Lovers," "The Princes in the Tower," and "Yes and No," the reproductions have so multiplied that it is exceptional for a well-to-do American family not to have engravings of some of them hanging somewhere in the house. Sir John is a man of sentiment, and his pretty women realize with exceptional felicity the popular ideal of feminine beauty and charm. He was born in 1829, began to draw as soon as he was big enough to hold a pencil, took all the prizes that came in his way, and took rank as a popular and successful painter before he was out of his teens. Fifty years ago he exhibited his first picture in the Academy. Ever since that time he has worked industriously and profitably, so that success, and incidentally wealth, are old, old stories to him. He has a great house in London, and a country-place in Scotland, where he goes, or used to go, to paint landscapes. Outdoor life and salmon-fishing have kept him young, and physically he is such a fine figure of a man as to be a fit successor to Lord Leighton. The romantic tale of how he fell in love with the wife of his friend John Ruskin, and how she got a divorce and married him, is not so old as not to be familiar. Whatever were the grounds of divorce, they left no stain on Lady Millais, who, unlike most divorced English women, has been received at court. Sir John has nine children. No wonder some of the critics say of him that he has painted somewhat overmuch for the market, and that his popularity has been in some degree a snare to him as an artist. Painters with nine children are not apt to stand around waiting for inspirations. They just paint.

Herr Consul-General Charles De Kay's Berlin Fencing Club flourishes grandly, notwithstanding that it is a rather democratic organization in a capital where folks are sorted with the most scrupulous regard to rank and affiliations. In the *Fecht Klub* all kinds of Europeans are mixed up with Britons and Americans, and swells of exalted rank give and take with plain gentlemen; yet the club prospers, and has, not eleven members, as was lately misstated in this department of the WEEKLY, but nearly ninety. It is the club's executive committee that has eleven members.

It is matter of regret to the American residents of Berlin that American artists are not to send pictures to the International Art Exhibition in that city this summer. The invitation to the American artists came too late, and the only American pictures in the show will be such as are sent from Paris.

Everybody will be glad that Mrs. Stanford has beaten the government in its final suit against her husband's estate, and can take her jewels out of pawn and go comfortably on with her plans for Stanford University. She has all but taken in washing to keep the university going until the suit should be worked out, and President Jordan's destitution is said to have equalled hers. It is a comfort to know that they are both on full rations again now, and happy in the prospective realization of all their university's hopes.

How remarkable are the oratorical gifts of Dr. Talmage! The newspapers report that at the Presbyterian Home Missions meeting in New York on March 3d, at which the President was present, he foretold how history would relate "that in the commercial metropolis of this nation the man who has on him the highest honors this world can give, and twice having received these honors from the American people, in this great mass-meeting for God and righteousness put down the grandeurs of his office at the feet of Jesus." Then he exclaimed, "Germany for scholarship, England for manufactories, France for manners, Egypt for antiquaries, Italy for pictures, but America for God." Yes, good brother, and Talmage for guff. Oh, Talmage! The President is a hardy citizen, and the Home Missions cause is a good cause and Presbyterianism a great ism, but who takes his Presbyterianism with you annexed takes it with the bark on, and has need to be hardy, and to love Home Missions with inveterate devotion.

The chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution which hails from Lafayette, Indiana, has given the new battle-ship *Indiana* a silver loving-cup, which has been surveyed at the Navy Department by Captain Robley D. Evans, and pronounced handsome, commodious, and acceptable. Indiana may be a fresh-water State, but she shows no sort of prejudice against such salt-water appliances as battle-ships, and no grudging appreciation of the honor of having one of them bear her name.

There is a new kind of American veteran, and a new society for him to be joined to. It appears from a communication which the WEEKLY has received that, "Whereas the valuable services, privations, and heroism of the soldiers of the army of the United States who have served in the Indian wars have never received suitable recognition, the Society of Veterans of the Indian Wars has been instituted to make record of these services, and to unite in fraternal regard those who are entitled to membership." Any reputable person who has served as officer or soldier of the United States in an Indian war is entitled to join this association, and can find out all about it by applying to Dr. W. Thornton Parker, Groveland, Massachusetts.

Veterans of Indian wars are sure-enough veterans. There is no doubt about the hard work many of them have done, or the perils of their service. Some of them have shown great gallantry and high devotion to duty; many of them deserve far higher honors than they have ever received. Sad to say, a circumstance which may in some degree prejudice the prosperity of Dr. Parker's proposed society is that so large a proportion of the best Indian-fighters have been ashamed of their job. In the talk of officers who have fought Indians within the last thirty years, one hears too often the story of Indians driven on the war-path or into mischief by some breach of faith on Uncle Sam's part, or some rascality of government agents, and then hunted down by soldiers, who have chafed at the unrighteousness of their work, and have sympathized with the grievances of the Indians they have hunted.

In a recent paragraph in this department of the WEEKLY, relating to the Ainsworth law, it was stated that "the law calls for four hours a week of teaching prejudicial to the use of alcohol and tobacco for ten weeks in every school year." The statement did not assume to follow the language of the statute, but it would have been more accurate if for "hours" it had substituted "lessons." The law calls for four *lessons* a week, and lessons, it appears, seldom last a whole hour.

It might further be stated, with some profit to accuracy, that the four lessons a week which the law prescribes are not devoted exclusively to instruction about "the nature of alcoholic drinks and other narcotics and their effects on the human system," but to that topic "in connection with the various divisions of physiology and hygiene." The law stipulates that for the pupils below high-school grade the text-books of physiology used shall devote at least a fifth of their space to the special instruction about narcotics which it is purposed to secure.

An old friend of the WEEKLY (Mr. Laurence Hutton), being solicited by some one to deliver "a blast against high theatre bonnets," replies, in a letter, "I do remember that Joshua knocked down the walls of Jericho by blasts of trumpets, but I doubt if there is breath enough in all America to blow off the tall hats which ill-bred women wear in American theatres."

It seems a reasonable doubt. The obtrusive theatre bonnet which shuts off the view has been so urgently and vehemently complained of that very few intelligent and considerate women wear such hats in the theatres any more. In every decent theatre nowadays one sees many ladies without hats, and many others whose head-gear is not obtrusive enough to be in any one's way. The contemporary women whose hats offend are either unintelligent or ill-bred. In many theatres an important percentage of them are obviously women whose course of life has been such as to blunt their instinct of deference to the reasonable rules of society, and make them cheerfully content with such a moderate decorum as may suffice to enable them to escape the attentions of the police. With offenders of this quality entreaty and criticism have little effect. What is needed for them, as well as for women who ought to know better, are rules which can be enforced. It is reported on what seems to be good authority that the management of the Taber Opera-house in Denver has lately devised such rules, and the courts have sustained their enforcement. If it can be demonstrated in Denver that such rules are practicably and profitably as well as legally enforceable, a very good thing will have come for once out of Colorado.

If the statute which determines what statues may be placed in Statuary Hall in the Capitol at Washington can really be construed to the exclusion of the figure of Père Marquette, which has been placed in the hall by the State of Wisconsin, it would be better to amend the law than to turn away the statue. Père Marquette was an exceedingly interesting figure in the history of the Northwest, and his statue by Mr. Gaston Trentanove is warmly admired and commended as a work of art. The pretext under which it is sought to exclude it—that its original was not a citizen of the United States—would be operative against the Virginian statue of Pocahontas, and other works in the same hall. The A.P.A. have not shown good judgment in making a fight against Père Marquette.

Less than a month ago allusion was made in the WEEKLY to the celebration of the golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Carleton Coffin at their home near Boston. It proved to be the crowning festival of Mr. Coffin's life, for he died suddenly on the morning of March 1st. His end was most easy and fortunate, his strength being so nearly equal to his day that within an hour or two of his death he was sitting at work at his desk.

There is no State so extravagant in the matter of Governors as Massachusetts. No other State except Rhode Island elects them so often, and no other State whatever works its Governor so hard. The life of a Governor of Massachusetts is one continuous political campaign. He is hardly settled in his office before he has another election to face. The shortness of his term of one year keeps him always in a restless and unwholesome state of candidacy. When Governor Frederick T. Greenhalge, who died March 5th, was first taken sick it was reported that he was used up and on the brink of nervous prostration through excessive attendance on banquets and social events. It might easily happen so, for there is hardly any public office in the United States that puts a greater strain on a man's talkative and digestive powers than the Governorship of Massachusetts. William E. Russell endured this strain and the worry of perpetual candidacy for three years, and apparently came out of it in good order, but he is an athlete, and young, and very hardy. A like experience was too much for his successor.

Governor Greenhalge was born in Clitheroe, England, in 1842, but was brought to this country in early infancy by his father, who settled in Lowell. He was educated in the Lowell public schools, and entered Harvard College, but left it without completing his course and studied law. He began to practise law in 1865, and worked his way up through various grades of public service in Lowell until 1880, when he was elected Mayor. In 1885 he was sent to Congress, and in 1893 was elected Governor of Massachusetts. He was re-elected in 1894 and 1895. What has been especially creditable to him in his administration has been his unwillingness to sacrifice his convictions to the demands of expediency. Once he incurred the displeasure of the Grand Army of the Republic and a large part of his own party in his own State by a veto, which the Massachusetts Legislature overruled, but which won him the esteem of just men, and made him a reputation outside of his State. In his dealings with the A. P. A. also he was independent and firm, always refusing to profit by any concessions to religious intolerance. E. S. MARTIN.

CHICAGO.

A SERIOUS blow has been dealt the educational interests of Chicago by the recent action of the Common Council in reducing the 1897 appropriation for school purposes by the sum of two million dollars. The Board of Education asked for eight millions, and were given only six. The lesser sum seems an enormous one, but the rapid growth of the city in population necessitates a very heavy expenditure for new sites and buildings, and we never "catch up" with the increasing demands for school accommodations, no matter how hard we try. The intent of the council in making this reduction is clearly to put a stop to the erection of new school buildings, the estimates for that purpose being reduced from nearly three millions to one. If this intent is carried out, it will make the process of "catching up" all the harder in the future, and many thousands of children meanwhile will be restricted to a half-day's schooling, if they are fortunate enough to get that. The only way to avoid this evil is to embrace the still greater evil of crippling the higher grades of school work. I call this the "still greater evil" because our high-school system is the key-stone of the education arch, supporting and giving solidity to the whole, and because, in addition, our primary and grammar grades are almost entirely dependent for their supply of new teachers upon the graduates of the high-schools. Any weakening of the high-school system would do incalculable harm for many years to come, while a failure to provide lower schools in sufficient numbers is, at the worst, only a temporary injury. Unfortunately, the notion that the higher schools are a mere ornamental appendage of the system is sufficiently plausible to impose upon the unthinking, and a demagogic newspaper press can usually be counted upon to lend its support to this superficial view.

Sir Henry Irving is once more in Chicago, after an absence of three years, and the success of his productions continues unabated. Seldom has a Chicago theatre sheltered as large and appreciative an audience as gathered upon the opening evening of his four weeks' season to greet the knighted actor as King Arthur. The applause began early, and forced a speech from Sir Henry after the close of the first act, which was a very irregular proceeding. He responded gracefully with a few airy nothings, remarking, shrewdly, that he hoped to see us all again many times during the present engagement. The play of *King Arthur* is bad as a poem, but beautiful as a series of pictures. The most striking thing about it seems to be the ingenuity with which the playwright has made into a many-hued mosaic some half a dozen of the most effective scenes and situations in the most familiar works of dramatic art. We have in succession the vision from the first act of *Faust*, the sword scene from *Die Walküre*, the scene of the distressed maiden and her champion from *Lohengrin*, the love scene from *Tristan*, Iago's incitement of his master to jealousy from *Othello*, and the dungeon scene from *Faust*. Each of these scenes has deep associations for the theatre-goer, the Arthurian story has deep associations for every reader of poetry, and so a bad play, by sheer force of association, proves a great popular success, and, one is almost inclined to add, deserves it.

An innocent-seeming ordinance passed by the City Council last December, and taking effect with the beginning of the new year, required street cars to stop on the "near" side of street intersections. It was argued that such a measure would diminish the number of accidents at the crossings, and that to adopt it would be to follow the example of a number of the best-regulated Eastern cities. Those who took thought upon what such a regulation would mean in Chicago, where the streets are as filthy as in Constantinople, and where street cars are linked together in trains of three and four, chuckled inwardly and quietly awaited developments. They were not long in coming. People who were compelled to wade through half a block of slush to board the cars, or who were dumped into seas of mud from three to six inches deep, soon began to remonstrate, and an angry chorus of appeal for relief made life a burden to each and every one of the city fathers. As there was no "boodle" in the affair, taken either way, the ordinance was repealed as easily as it had been passed, and a return made to the old system. Let well enough alone is a good maxim, but many people do not find out how good it is until they have tried to substitute for "well enough" something which they hastily assume will prove better.

Another college president has accepted a chair in the University of Chicago—or, in other words, has exchanged the worry of executive work for the opportunity of teaching and investigation that is offered the head of a department in such an institution. President John W. Coulter, of Lake Forest University, is the man, and his chair is that of the Head Professor of Botany. The university is to be congratulated upon this acquisition of one of the foremost botanists in the country, and botanical science is fortunate in getting back into its service the undivided energy of a man who has shown himself capable of so much good work in his special field of research. The proposed establishment of the botanical department of the university upon a scale commensurate with the other departments of the institution is one of the good things made possible by Miss Culver's recent gift of a million dollars for biological purposes. Already preparations are being made for the erection of several new buildings upon the campus, and biology will soon find itself as well housed as physical science has been for the past two years. W. M. P.

BOSTON.

THE erection of a very high apartment-house on a narrow corner lot on Commonwealth Avenue has started a movement for legislation which shall limit the height of buildings in the residential section of Boston to eighty feet. Land-owners now are not forbidden to erect Eiffel towers if they use fire-proof material. The sky-line of the Back Bay is greatly disfigured by this lofty box of a building. The rights of owners to build up into the sky can legally be restricted only in the interest of the public health or safety, but incidentally the beauty of a city can be preserved by this exercise of the police power.

The old Bulfinch State-house, which crowns Beacon Hill, is in serious danger. A new extension has been added to it, and the stately structure is dwarfed by the modern "annex." Three bills are before the Legislature; the passage of two of these will bring about the demolition of the old building, and the third its restoration. The building has been much injured by alterations and sham constructions, and is not, in its present condition, safe.

It seems a great pity that the commissioners in charge of the new construction should have allowed the new work to mar this interesting public building. Whatever is done now, the hill will be crowned by a mass of buildings unworthy of the city and State.

Our Celtic fellow-citizens, it seems, have no longer a monopoly of the art of making "bulls." A well-known New England member of the national House of Representatives, when the pension appropriation bill was under consideration before the House, spoke as follows: "Why did he weep? Why did he weep? I say, Mr. Speaker, why did he weep? I repeat, Mr. Speaker, why did he weep? His heart was broken! Yes, Mr. Speaker, I knew this man. He died of a broken heart. He died of a broken heart, I repeat, Mr. Speaker. He never smiled again! They refused him the pitiful increase of $2 a month in his pension. I say, Mr. Speaker, he never smiled again! I repeat, he never smiled again!" It is to be hoped that this moving utterance will find a place in our standard school "readers."

It is a rude shock to every imaginative child when it discovers that royal personages do not habitually wear their crowns. Queen Victoria, her brow encircled by a diadem on the old postage-stamps, was every fraction of an inch a Queen. The youthful republican mind could not but be dissatisfied when informed that she wore a plain widow's cap every day, when she might, an she chose, put on all the crown jewels.

The diamond tiaras which within the last few years have bound the temples of so many American women at "social functions" are so dazzling to the spectator, and ennobling to the wearer, that the conclusion is inevitable that kings and queens have made a great mistake in substituting ordinary head-gear for the glittering crowns to which they were born.

W.

SAN FRANCISCO.

THE second of the Californian altrurian colonies has been forced to abandon its work and disband. This colony has fought bravely for its life, and retires honorably from the field, owing no man, and without a cloud of internal dissensions resting upon its reputation. The harmony has been undisturbed, not an individual has withdrawn from the association, and though the settlement has ceased to exist as a colony, its members are still determined to cling together and do what can be done for the cause of socialism. The reasons given for its suspension are the hard times, together with the failure of promised aid at a crucial period of its existence.

It was located at one of the most beautiful points of the Napa Valley, worked a rich stretch of ranch land, and in connection with its agricultural labors ran a sanitarium which was open to any one, altrurian or otherwise, who desired to enjoy its hospitality at an extremely moderate rate. Meanwhile as one colony disbands another forms. Farther north, in Mendocino County, the first batch of a detachment of 300 Austrians has just arrived, under the convoy of a Catholic priest, to settle on a fine tract of land known as the Eden Valley Ranch. The purchase of the property was negotiated by the priest, the price being $70.000, of which $24,000 was paid down. The colony will number nearly one thousand, being almost all Austrians from the mother-country and different parts of the United States.

Prince Louis of Savoy, the distinguished visitor from the Italian cruiser *Cristoforo Colombo*, is about to leave, and is returning the hospitality of his fellow-countrymen and his American hosts with friendly zest. The Prince has divided the honors of public attention with Paderewski. The Italian colony, which is large and prosperous, having almost monopolized the fish and fruit trades, has entertained him brilliantly, from balls held in remote localities by unknown Italian societies to the more stately entertainments given in his honor by his wealthy fellow-countrymen on their ranches and vineyards.

The Prince, who is a true sailor, has gone to all of them and enjoyed himelf immensely. The *Cristoforo Colombo* is the first foreign war-ship of importance that has been in these waters for some time. The English frigates only drop anchor in the bay for a few days. A lengthy stay here results in such a large number of desertions among the crew that the long and friendly visit of old times has had to be abandoned. The sirens did not exercise a more powerful fascination over the companions of Ulysses than the city of San Francisco does over the foreign mariner. The most stringent rules cannot cure his infatuation. Even when the cruisers are well out in the bay, the men jump overboard and swim ashore under cover of the dark.

G. B.

AN ASTHMA CURE AT LAST.

MEDICAL science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the remarkable Kola Plant, a new botanical discovery found on the Congo River, West Africa. Its cures are really marvellous. Rev. J. L. Combs, of Martinsburg, W. Va., writes that it cured him of Asthma of fifty years' standing, and Hon. L. G. Clute, of Greeley, Iowa, testifies that for three years he had to sleep propped up in a chair, being unable to lie down night or day from Asthma. The Kola Plant cured him at once. To make the matter sure, these and hundreds of other cures are sworn to under oath before a notary public. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, is sending out large trial cases of the Kola compound free to all sufferers from Asthma. Send them your name and address on a postal card, and they will send you a large trial case by mail free. It costs you nothing, and you should surely try it.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

FEED THEM PROPERLY

and carefully; reduce the painfully large percentage of infant mortality. Take no chances and make no experiments in this very important matter. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk has saved thousands of little lives.—[*Adv.*]

FREE TO BALD HEADS.

WE will mail on application free information how to grow hair upon a bald head, stop falling hair, and remove scalp diseases. Address, Altenheim Medical Dispensary, Room 30, Selves Building, Cincinnati, O. —[*Adv.*]

IF you suffer from looseness of the bowels, Dr. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS will cure you.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

! HIGHEST AWARD World's Fair !
HIGHEST AWARDS Wherever Exhibited !
IMPERIAL GRANUM
This universally acknowledged
standard and BEST prepared
FOOD
Is earnestly recommended for INFANTS and CHILDREN for INVALIDS, and Convalescents, for dyspeptic delicate, infirm and AGED persons. It is invaluable in the sick-room for either little-one or adult needing delicate, safe, PURE nourishing diet!
Sold by DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE!
JOHN CARLE & SONS, New York.

Arnold Constable & Co
Glove Dept.
Fabric and Leather Gloves.
Spring Shades *from the celebrated factories of* "P. H. Courvoisier," "Dent," and "Fownes'."
Men's Driving-Gloves,
Ladies' Riding-Gloves.
UMBRELLAS,
PARASOLS.
Broadway & 19th st.
NEW YORK.

MEMORY LOST CAN BE Regained! Ask of Box 788, New York. How?

If afflicted with SORE EYES use Dr ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

Sozodont
PURE AND FRAGRANT.

For the teeth and breath. An absolutely safe dentifrice, popular with refined people for over half a century. ☘ ☘ All Druggists.

A small sample bottle free, if you mention HARPER'S WEEKLY. Address the Proprietors of Sozodont, HALL & RUCKEL, Wholesale Druggists, New York City.

Sozodont
PURE AND FRAGRANT.

Cock-a-doodle doo—
My dame has lost her shoe;
But CUPID Hair-Pins held her hair—
Or she'd have lost that too.

It's in the TWIST.

By the makers
of the famous DELONG
Hook and Eye.

Richardson & DeLong Bros.,
Philadelphia.

"Pride of the West is the best muslin for pillow slips and shams."

Made in 41 and 45 inch widths.
For sale by all retail Dry Goods Dealers.

THE EXQUISITE FLAVOR OF
LIPTON'S TEAS
IS ONLY KNOWN BY TRYING THEM.
Prices, 60, 50 and 40 cents per pound package. If your grocer does not keep them, will send one pound package, prepaid, on receipt of price.
LIPTON, Ceylon Tea Planter. U. S. Offices, 80 Front St., New York.

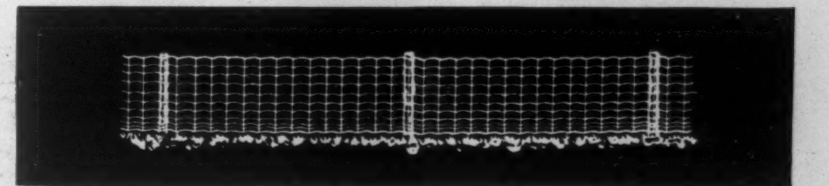
GOLD MEDAL AND DIPLOMA CONSTITUTING HIGHEST AWARD MUNICH INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION, 1895. AN UNPARALLELED VICTORY IN THE VERY HOME OF BREWING

PABST
B
MILWAUKEE
SUPREME AWARD WORLD'S FAIR

Pabst.......
Malt Extract
The "Best" Tonic
Rounds the body, and fills the hollows ☘ till beauty laughs where dimpled health makes plump the form. ☘ ☘
THE ART OF BREWING WAS DEVELOPED BY THE GERMANS

HIGHEST AWARD WORLD'S FAIR 1893.
The Brunswick
DOWNTOWN DEPOT SURBRUG, 159 FULTON ST. N.Y.
Exact Size.
Perfecto.

THE LEADING HAVANA CIGAR of the United States. Sold in every State in the Union. Equal to any imported cigar. We prefer you should buy of your dealer. If he does not keep them, send $1.00 for sample box of ten. Send money by registered mail.
JACOB STAHL, Jr., & CO., Makers, 168th St. and 3d Ave., New York City.



PARK Commissioners and Owners of Game Preserves cannot fail to be interested in this. We are able to offer positive evidence that our fence is best adapted to their wants, and are making a specialty of this branch of our business. We make estimates or contracts and guarantee satisfaction.
PAGE WOVEN WIRE FENCE CO., Adrian, Mich.

The Sterling Fork-
on all
Sterling
Bicycles
BUILT LIKE A WATCH
Send
for
Art Catalog
Sterling
Cycle Works
Chicago.
NEW YORK
SAN FRANCISCO

Palmer Fabric

Makes a Tire ELASTIC
EASY RIDING
and FAST
(taking less strength to propel)

Palmer Tires

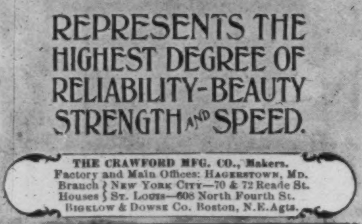
Are Durable, GUARANTEED
and Easy to Mend.
They are expensive, and
only found on High-Grade Wheels.

MADE BY
Palmer Pneumatic Tire Co.
Chicago.
Facts About Pneumatic Tires mailed on request.

BE GUIDED

The CRAWFORD BICYCLE
REPRESENTS THE
HIGHEST DEGREE OF
RELIABILITY-BEAUTY
STRENGTH AND SPEED.

THE CRAWFORD MFG. CO., Makers.
Factory and Main Offices: HAGERSTOWN, MD.
Branch Houses { NEW YORK CITY—70 & 72 Reade St.
ST. LOUIS—608 North Fourth St.
BIGELOW & DOWSE Co. Boston, N.E.Agts.


ADULTS
$65-$80 $100
"JUVENILES"
$45-$55
EXAMINE OUR PATENTED FEATURES.
Olympic BICYCLES
GET OUR CATALOGUE AND "HINTS FOR WHEELMEN."
OLYMPIC CYCLE MF'G. CO.
NEW YORK OFFICE
35 LIBERTY ST.

BREAKFAST—SUPPER.
EPPS'S
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
COCOA
BOILING WATER OR MILK.

Sleep,
Sound and Refreshing

visits the nursing mother and her child if she takes

ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S
Malt-Nutrine
TRADE MARK.

It is a **food drink**—the greatest aid to nature in building up the weakened system—a flesh producer and blood vitalizer. The palatable nutriment of pure malt and hops.

To be had at all druggists' and grocers'.

Prepared by ANHEUSER-BUSCH BREWING ASSOCIATION,
ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

Send for handsomely illustrated colored booklet and other reading matter.

STEARNS
BICYCLES
(The Yellow Fellow)

Handsome Catalogue Mailed Free.

The Stearns is a modern wheel of advanced construction. Lightest, strongest and lasts the longest. The '96 Stearns surpasses all former models.

E. C. Stearns & Co., Syracuse, N.Y.

TINKHAM CYCLE CO., New York City Agents, 306-310 West 59th Street.

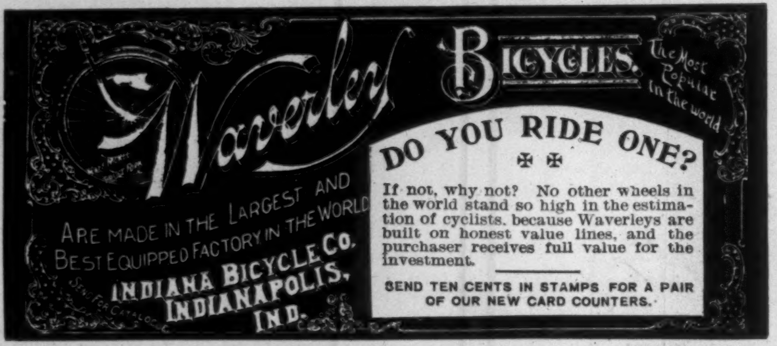
Windsor BICYCLES

The ... American Beauties
For 1896....

Provoke love at first sight and hold it captive. Bicycling should be pure happiness. It's sure to be if you ride a

Windsor....$85 and $100

For Catalogue, address
SIEG & WALPOLE MFG. CO....Kenosha, Wis.
Branch Houses—Chicago, Milwaukee, Portland, Ore., Los Angeles, Cal.
Address all Correspondence to Kenosha, Wis.


Waverley BICYCLES.
The Most Popular in the world
ARE MADE IN THE LARGEST AND BEST EQUIPPED FACTORY IN THE WORLD
INDIANA BICYCLE CO.
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE

DO YOU RIDE ONE?

If not, why not? No other wheels in the world stand so high in the estimation of cyclists, because Waverleys are built on honest value lines, and the purchaser receives full value for the investment.

SEND TEN CENTS IN STAMPS FOR A PAIR OF OUR NEW CARD COUNTERS.

Warranted Seed

GREGORY'S SEED CATALOGUE FOR 1896

A leading reason for warranting our seed, as per first page of Catalogue, is, we raise a large portion of them. As the original introducers of the Cory and Longfellow Corns, Miller Cream Melon, Ohio and Burbank Potatoes, Warren, Hubbard and Marblehead Squashes, Marblehead Early Marrowfat Pea, Eclipse Beet, Kentucky Wonder and Marblehead Horticultural Beans, Southport Early Globe and Danvers' Red Globe Onions, All Seasons and Marblehead Mammoth Cabbages and numerous other valuable vegetables, we solicit a share of the public patronage. Our Catalog of Vegetables and Flower Seed for 1896, containing many new Vegetables & Flowers & the best of the old will be sent *free*. J. J. H. GREGORY & SON, Marblehead, Mass.

GOUT?
For Sale by Druggists.
PAMPHLET FREE.
LEHN & FINK, Agents, New York.

SCHERING'S
PIPERAZIN WATER

RECOMMENDED FOR
Gravel, Calculus, Lazy Liver, and all Uric Acid Troubles.
WILL CURE IT.

THE POPULARITY OF
Crescent Bicycles
IS UNIVERSAL.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE
WESTERN WHEEL WORKS,
BUILDERS
CHICAGO NEW YORK

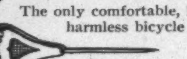
On Bosworth Field
King Richard cried:
"My kingdom for a horse!"
But times have changed—
To-day he'd want
A Monarch wheel, of course.

MONARCH
KING OF BICYCLES

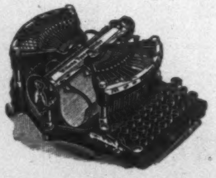
and a wheel fit for a king. Made in 4 models. $80 and $100. For children and adults who want a lower price wheel the *Defiance* is made in 8 models, $40 to $75. Send for Monarch book.

MONARCH CYCLE MFG. CO.,
Lake, Halsted and Fulton Sts., CHICAGO
83 Reade Street, New York.

MESINGER SADDLES
The only comfortable, healthful, and harmless bicycle saddle.


It's the **Rattan** that makes it what it is.
Souvenir pin, the sensation of the CYCLE SHOW, sent FREE on receipt of 4c. in stamps.
HULBERT BROS. & CO.,
26 West 23d Street, New York.

The Williams Typewriter


Visible Writing — Portable
Direct Inking — Durable

Absolutely the Best and Up-to-date. Get illustrated catalogue and sample of work.
THE WILLIAMS TYPEWRITER CO., 253 Broadway, N.Y.

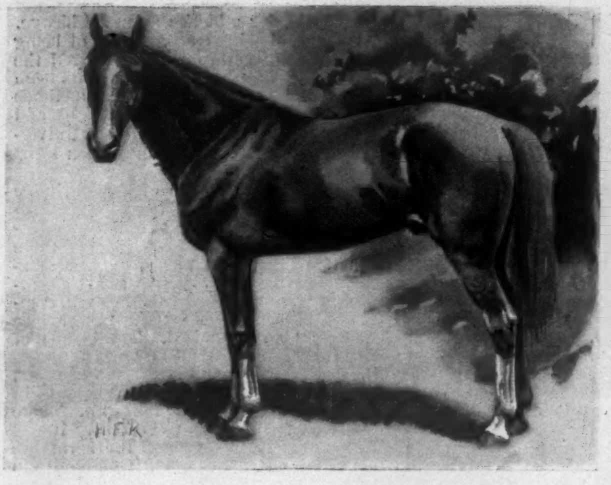
PLANTING
well begun is half done. Begin well by getting Ferry's Seeds. Don't let chance determine your crop, but plant Ferry's Seeds. Known and sold everywhere.
Before you plant, get
Ferry's Seed Annual
for 1896. Contains more practical information for farmers and gardeners than many high-priced text books. Mailed free.
D. M. FERRY & CO., DETROIT, MICH.

HARPER'S CATALOGUE thoroughly revised, classified, and indexed, will be sent by mail to any address on receipt of ten cents.

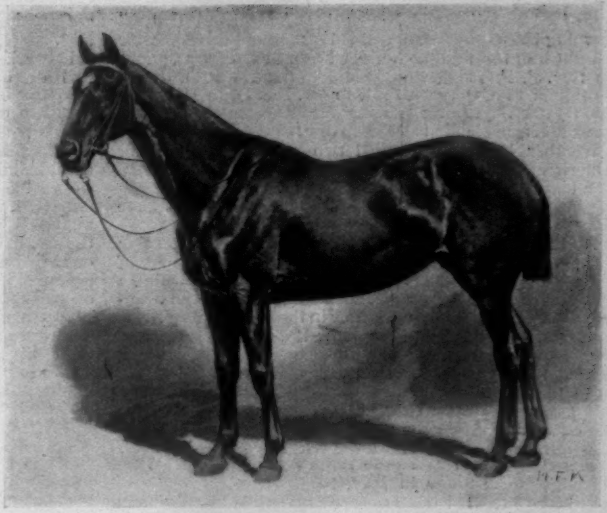
If afflicted with SORE EYES use Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

Beecham's pills for constipation 10¢ and 25¢. Get the book at your druggist's and go by it.

Annual sales more than 6,000,000 boxes.



KISMET.



DYNAMITE.

AMATEUR SPORT

Mr. Caspar Whitney is making an extended tour through the United States, during the course of which he will visit the important centres of amateur sport. The results of his investigations will from time to time be sent to HARPER'S WEEKLY. *Special articles on matters interesting to sportsmen will meanwhile be published in this Department.*

PONIES AND PONY-BREEDING.

RACING, HUNTING, AND POLO PONIES.

PART IV.

IT would seem certain that the reader who has been sufficiently interested in the subject to follow carefully the preceding parts of this discussion would have reached the idea that, in this latter end of the nineteenth century we might have at our command the means of producing a pony, built on the foundation of some of those already called to his attention, superior to any yet considered. And such is undoubtedly the fact. There are improved ponies living to-day stouter, faster, more enduring, than anything known to the generation preceding our own.

In the paper on the Exmoor and New Forest ponies we have gotten a hint of the material of his make-up. Within the last two years the work of the New Forest Pony Association has been supplemented by that of the Polo Pony Stud-Book Association, whose advent marks a new era in the history of pony-breeding, including, as it does, the highest skill and great resources.

Sir Humphrey de Trafford, the Earl of Harrington, Mr. Frederick Wrench, the late Captain Moray Brown, Lord Arthur Cecil, Captain Herbert, Captain Smythe, Rev. F. F. Vidal, Mr. John Hill, Mr. Frederick Hill, Wilfred S. Blunt, Captain W. A. Kerr, and a host of other men well known as sportsmen and breeders, guarantee, by their names, that keen judgment and great experience will be applied to the problem, such as will produce results unattained hitherto.

Nearly all these men have their attention turned in the direction of new infusions of the purest blood from the desert. We have seen what was accomplished by one man in this way, as we read of Parson Jack Russell's famous ponies. They were but samples of results that others have reached as well as he.

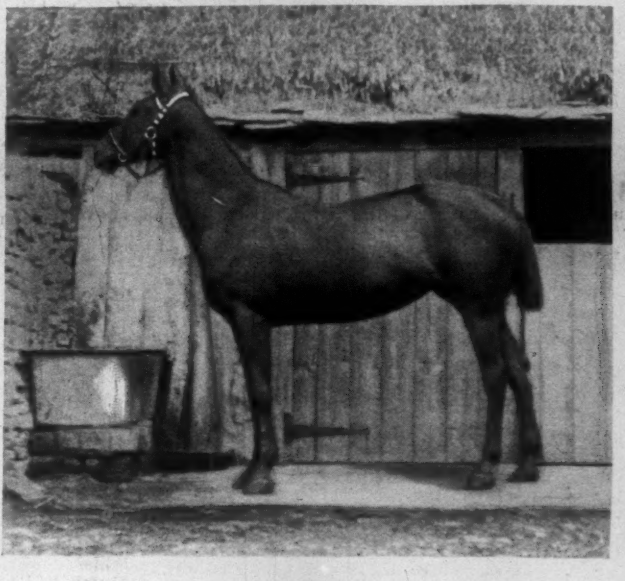
When, in 1886, the Hurlingham Polo Club sent a team to play against the Americans at Newport, they not only demonstrated that our countrymen were "'prentice hands" at the game, they also showed a type of pony to carry the players such as Americans had not before run up against. Money had not been economized by the representatives of the game in America when it was question of a good pony. They got the best at their command, but the Englishmen could "give them cards and spades" and beat them.

It was a revelation to see "long" John Watson sweep down the field at Newport on a little nag not over 14 hands high, carrying his great size and weight as though the rider were a mere boy. And Captain Little could simply dash around the whole American team. Not only could the English ponies outrun ours for a dash, they could outlast them into the bargain. While our men had to change three or four times, or even more, the English players could ride a full afternoon in the game with not more than two ponies apiece.

What wonder that when the victors, returning to England, put up their ponies at auction, the competition was sharp for the ownership, none selling for less than $800, some for more than $1200. These animals were not only stars at the game of polo, they were great cross-country horses as well, and many a fine run did the lamented young Mr. Vanderbilt make on one of the number, a gallant little black, following the drag-hunts of the next two seasons on Rhode Island.

Nor has the demand for this type of horse diminished since that time. We find record of the following sales in 1892: 18 ponies belonging to the 16th Lancers (English) sold for 1650 guineas ($8660); 8 ponies belonging to John Watson sold for 966 guineas ($5172 50)—one, named Multum in Parvo, selling for 270 guineas, and a mare, Meath, for 210 guineas; 45 ponies belonging to an English regiment returning from India sold for an average of 900 rupees ($450) each; two ponies belonging to John Watson sold for 660 guineas, Lord Dudley giving 390 guineas ($2047 50) for one named Nimble.

There are also records of other single sales at good prices—a brown pony for 300 guineas, another for 280 guineas, two Barbs for 370 guineas, still three other ponies for 420 guineas, during the season of 1892. Reckoning the guinea at $5 25 will indicate something as to the average value put on polo ponies in these sales.



GAZELLE.

In 1893 two of the same type of animals were imported, by an American gentleman who plays the game, at a price of $4000. Three hundred guineas was about the "going price" for first quality polo ponies at Hurlingham in 1893, and 26 were sold at auction by Tattersall the spring of 1894 at an average price for the lot of $825 each.

May 27, 1895, occurred one of the most remarkable sales of all, when the Messrs. Peat disposed of their entire stud of 11 ponies for the excellent average price of £244 11*s.* ($1122 75). At this sale Dynamite brought 460 guineas, and Nimble 400 guineas, both being old mares who had distinguished themselves by being no less than six years on the championship team at Hurlingham.

If, in addition to adaptability for polo, the pony possesses exceptional speed, his price increases as his ability to beat 1 m. 50 sec. for a mile, with regulation weights, is developed. Such a rate may seem very fast. Yet there are a number of ponies racing, especially in the East, some of them pure Arabs, that can do the distance in many seconds less time.

The demand for anything in the shape of a pony that can go out there and win races from the rich Rajahs who make that kind of sport their pastime, causes standing offers at all times of fabulous sums by British officers. The purses offered are very rich, no less than $16,000 having been added to the stakes in 1893 at the Calcutta meeting alone.

To win these prizes the Maharajah of Cooch Behar paid 5000 rupees ($2500) for Dominant, and 11,000 rupees for Good Hope, while 30,000 rupees were offered and refused for either Rex or Blitz. This last-named pony—whose picture, reproduced from a photograph taken in India, is shown herewith—is certainly one of the greatest stake-winners of all the ponies the world has seen. Bought originally for 400 rupees by Lieutenant O'Farrell, of the 6th Dragoons, he has never been beaten. After winning the Civil Service Cup for the second time, his owner and partners bought him in no less than fourteen lotteries, whose actual aggregate value was $60,000. Later he was bought by Lord William Beresford, and he is now owned by his Highness the Maharajah of Patiala, who has retired him to the stud. "He is, for his size, the most remarkable animal ever foaled. He has never been beaten by any pony, and has beaten not a few full-sized Arabs. He is milk-white, with black muzzle, which can be put in a pint pot. Weight makes no difference to him," says one who knows him well. Blitz was in the stud in England while owned by Lord William Beresford.

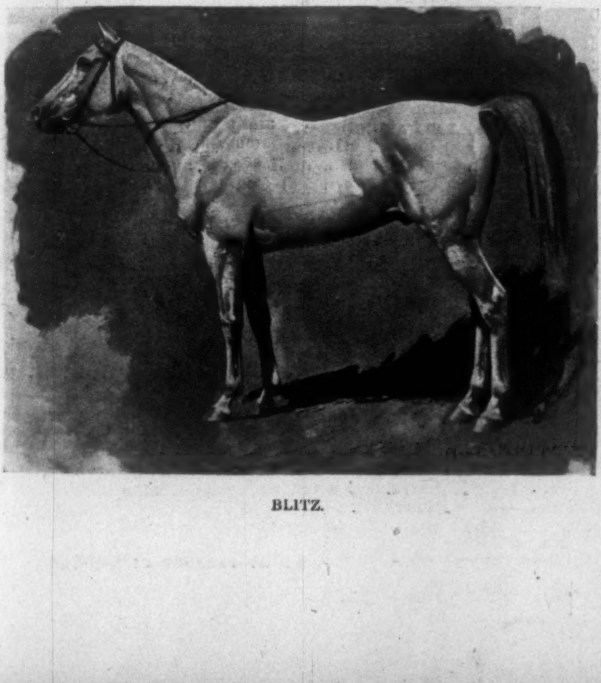
Wilfred Scawen Blunt, who went to India in 1884 to see the Arab horses running there at that time, describes Rex as a bay pony only 13.3 high. He adds: "But Rex is in reality no pony, but a weight-carrying race-horse on a low scale of inches, owning the best shoulders, the longest and deepest frame, and the stoutest heart of any four-footed beast alive. As high as 2000 guineas has been offered for him; he is regarded by all racing men in India as a prodigy."

Rex was bred by the Harb tribe of Arabs in Nejd, and bought, when a yearling, by Eyd et Tenimi for 45 silver dollars. His value as a race-horse was not discovered till he was eight years old, and then really by an accident.

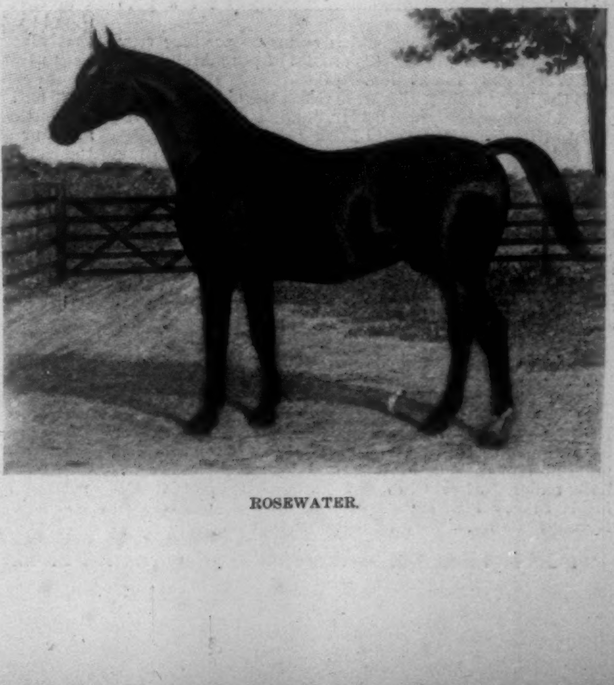
Another wonderful animal, perhaps superior even to Rex or Blitz, was the great Kismet. He was a pure Manakhi Hedruj Arab, born in the desert in 1877, and brought to India by Abd-er Rahman in October, 1882. In 1883 and early 1884 he swept everything before him on the race-tracks of India, never lost a heat or race, and his total winnings are said to have been no less than £30,000. The following are the races he won:

Bungalore,	July 12, 1883,	the Mysore Cup,	1½	mi.,	139 lbs.
"	" 14,	" " " Purse,	1¼	"	134 "
"	" 19,	" Agra Khan's Purse,	1¼	"	134 "
Poonah,	Sept. 8,	" " " Plate,	1½	"	126 "
"	" 11,	" " " Purse,	1¾	"	131 "
Hyderabad,	Nov. 22,	" Deccan Handicap,	1¼	"	119 "
Bombay,	Feb. 12, 1884,	The Derby,	1¼	"	136 "
"	" 14,	" Agra Khan's Purse,	1¼	"	133 "

Immediately after this last race Lieutenant Broadwood brought Kismet to England, where he was owned by Sir R. D. Coyningham. He landed, after a rough voyage of two months, the latter part of April, and, without training, ran against Asil, at Newmarket, July 2, 1884. Asil beat him then for the only time in Kismet's whole career. Twice afterwards Kismet turned the tables on Asil, showing that it was his lack of condition alone that lost him his first race with that horse. In 1885 Kismet was ridden at Newmarket by Fred Archer, who pronounced him the gamest horse he ever rode. Such was also the expressed opinion of Wood, who rode him in his races with Asil July 6, 1886, at Newmarket, and July 22, 1886, at Sandown Park. Both these races



BLITZ.



ROSEWATER.

were for two miles, and Kismet beat Asil "hands down," carrying 126 pounds. After this Hon. John Corbett, M.P., bought him for a saddle-horse. From him he was bought by Rev. F. F. Vidal, who kept him in the stud, till he consigned him, October, 1891, to Mr. Randolph Huntington, Oyster Bay, Long Island. After a long and stormy passage Kismet landed at New York from steamer *Canada* November 11, 1891, and died two hours after reaching America from pleuro-pneumonia, contracted while at sea. The loss of Kismet was a serious blow to the horse-breeding industry in America, though several of his sons have since been imported from England.

At this point it seems proper to call public attention to another Kismet now standing in the western part of New York State. This horse is a gray, nearly white, a mongrel of the lowest type, such as is used on the tramways in Bombay, whence he came in the early eighties. He was sent to Pittsfield, Massachusetts, by Mr. Pickering Clark, for the use of a boy kinsman. Mr. Clark never pretended that the horse, then called Segario, was a pure Arab, though two years after this first importation he did bring a pure Arab, a chestnut, to be mentioned later in these papers. After Mr. Clark's death the true Kismet, a chestnut, having died in New York November 11, 1891, as stated, this worthless gray brute was exhibited at the Open-air Horse Show in May, 1892, where he was first called Kismet. It is sometimes disagreeable to call things by their right names, but the memory of old Kismet must not be allowed to suffer because another horse has been called by the same name. But we have overrun our game a bit.

In view of the value of "first chop" polo and hunting ponies it behooves us Americans to consider how such animals have been produced, and what is the true type, when we have in mind the ruinous low prices at which our trotting stock is selling.

Such an animal, in the words of one of England's most expert horsemen, "must be a perfect miniature horse, with the courage of a lion; the activity, turning, and wrenching powers of a Waterloo Cup winner; the ability to stop dead in full career, and to spin around on his haunches, getting away in any direction again instanter; a quick beginner and good at a sprint; possessed of a temper 'whose even ray can make to-morrow happy as to-day'; 'as clever as a treeful of monkeys;' and, withal, a weight-carrier. So our crack poloists, at home and abroad, insist upon firmly-knit, level, true-built, bantamized horses, beautifully modelled animals, with freest use of shoulders, and the ability to tuck their haunches under them."

Such ponies are to be had, and when found there is no long dispute about the price that shall be paid for them.

The English breeder of improved live-stock is the most scientific of any agriculturist in the world. His eyes are open on all sides, and the lessons taught by the accidental combinations of blood noted in these papers in Wales and in the New Forest have been duly weighed. The decision reached by these men as to the best means of producing the highest type of pony may be gathered from their practice.

Mr. Frederick R. Hill, secretary of the Polo Pony Stud-Book Association, writes of his methods as follows: "A few years ago we purchased a bay Arab stallion.... Having ridden him and found him good in all his paces, being able to trot fourteen miles an hour (an unusual thing for Arabs), and gallop quick enough to win hunters' hurdle-races, we were convinced that he would be a valuable and impressive sire, and determined to breed to him. I then proceeded to buy some Welsh mountain mares to put to him. These mares were bred on the Longmynd Hills, just on the borders of Wales, in Shropshire, and stand from 10 to 12 hands high.... Among these mares is a bay, 'the best mare on the hill,' and she was considered by the judge who judged at the society's annual show to be the *beau ideal* of a Welsh mountain pony.... The object in breeding from these ponies to begin with is the knowledge of the purity of their blood, having been bred for generations without any foreign or outside crosses. By crossing them first with the Arab you increase the size, and imbue the progeny with that sense and docility which the Arab seems to possess more than any other breed of horse. If you buy ponies in a haphazard sort of way, not knowing how they are bred, it is impossible to tell how they will breed back, and the only way is to begin at the bottom and gradually increase the size until you can fix a type; the first cross being obtained—and in our case it has every appearance of being satisfactory—the next step is to find a horse calculated to produce the required animal from this cross. With this end in view I mated a little mare about 13 hands high, made like a miniature steeple-chaser, with another pure-bred Arab which is a known good stock getter, and from these two I hope to breed what we want. I played this mare at polo this year, and found her everything one could wish at the game....being especially high-couraged and bold—two attributes absolutely necessary for a polo pony."

Mr. Hill's method, then, which seems to produce very satisfactory results, is two top crosses of pure Arab blood on a Welsh pony foundation.

To the letter from which were taken the above extracts was added a *postscriptum* by Mr. John Hill, the first president of the Polo Pony Stud-Book Association:

"I do not know that I have anything to add to my son's letter but my thanks for the photographs and your very interesting account of your ponies.... I have had a long experience in exporting all kinds of stock, both from my own farm and in selecting from those of other breeders.... *I believe the one chief thing to avoid is hackney blood* as much as possible, and stick to the pure pony type, and use judiciously the Arab and barb cross. Using miniature thoroughbreds is uncertain work, as they generally throw their stock too big, although occasionally it may be necessary."

To this last clause of Mr. Hill's writing some might take exceptions. Sir Humphrey F. de Trafford, president of the Polo Pony Society in 1894, had at the head of his stud for breeding polo ponies the bay thoroughbred horse Rosewater (14.1 high), by Rosicrucian, dam Lady Day II., by St. Mungo, g. d. by Chanticleer. This horse won first prize at Hurlingham in 1892, and has won many races both under Jockey Club and National Pony and Galloway rules. That he is a fine type of pony can be seen from his picture. We find, however, that so good a judge **as Captain W. A. Kerr feels towards him as does Mr. John Hill.**

He writes: "Sir Humphrey de Trafford's Rosewater, by Rosicrucian-Lady Day, has blood, shape, and muscle to recommend him, to say nothing of quality; but I am inclined to doubt his being quite the sort to get ponies by. As likely as not his sons and daughters may throw back to Rosicrucian, who, though cast in beauty's choicest mould, and said to be seven pounds better than the pig-eyed Blue Gown, was, after all, just a bit coachy. Dancing Girl, whose portrait graces the columns of the Badminton Library, may be taken as a perfect sample of the thoroughbred polo pony, but such a parentage—Sefton out of Pretty Dance, by Doncaster Highland Fling—points to her being a sport or freak of nature. We possess no particular family of blood stock that may be depended upon, no matter how mated, to get undersized stock. Some prepotent ancestor or ancestress is pretty sure to shove his or her oar in, and as likely as not the progeny comes in tall and bulky guise. Pretty little Dancing Girl might as likely as not have been built on the lines of her maternal grandsire, Stockwell, rather than on those of her paternal grandsire, the neatly turned, dapper Speculum, a son of 'quality Newminster.' We must bear in mind that the beautiful pony Parmesan begat those two startling Derby horses Favonius and Cremorne. That blood will 'nick' with the Eastern mare the Stud-Book proves up to the hilt; were it otherwise the traditions of the turf go for naught. But the awkward item, *size*, is not to be got rid of."

That the majority of "up-to-date" pony-breeders agree with the Messrs. Hill and Captain Kerr is proven by their practice. It is also evident that Sir Humphrey de Trafford does not permit his partiality for his good little horse Rosewater to "put him out of the race" in pony-breeding, for he has backed him in his stud with a pure Arab stallion, Sir Robert. Among other prominent members of the Polo Pony Society we find the use of Arab blood looked upon as the surest road to success. Of the fifty-seven stallions registered in the first volume of the society's Stud-Book, no less than nineteen are Arabs, and four barbs, while among the mares we find six pure Arabs registered by Mr. W. S. Blunt, besides a number of half and three-quarter bred Arabs by other people. Mr. Blunt, the Irish Congested Districts Board, the Earl of Harrington, Mr. Meredith, Mr. Hassard, Mr. Pilkington, all tie to Arab blood. Among others the Earl of Harrington has El Dorado, brought from Arabia by Miss Dillon. Lords Arthur and Lionel Cecil have also had the benefit of Miss Dillon's excellent stock, having rented that gallant little son of El Emir, Boanerges, for the season of 1894, and sent some of their best mares to Himyarite, son of Kars and of Hagar, the great mare ridden 1500 miles in the desert by Wilfred Blunt.

Miss Dillon herself has bred a few ponies. Her little gelding Firefly, by Maidan, dam by El Dorado, g. d. by Citadel, 3d dam a pony mare, is a remarkable jumper, though she finds nothing capable of touching her pure Arabs at this business.

Mrs. Cook, another English lady interested in such matters, brought from India the famous pony mare Gazelle, 13.3 high, winner of thirteen races in sixteen starts over steeple-chase courses. Unfortunately, Gazelle died in 1892, a few hours after having produced a foal by one of Miss Dillon's Arab horses.

SPENCER BORDEN.

ATHLETIC REFORM IN THE MIDDLE WEST.—(*Continued.*)

PERHAPS IT WILL BE OF INTEREST to the readers of the Department to have a rapid and graphic sketch of the athletic situation at such points as I have touched on my tour.

AT DETROIT THE GREATEST INTEREST of the best classes is directed to boating. A few years ago track athletics shared that interest. That was when the Detroit Athletic Club was governed by such sportsmen as F. W. Eddy, N. G. Williams, Jun., McMillan, Newberry, Joy, Parker, Austin, and a few other like spirits. That was, too, before the club forsook the substance for the shadow, and when the means to the end were not disregarded. I think no club in the country illustrates so completely the unwisdom of a departure from a sport-for-sport's-sake standard. Never did a club make such an enviable reputation for itself as the D. A. C. during its zenith a few years ago. Its members were gentlemen, its athletes were gentlemen. There was not an athlete in the club who had been "induced" to join. Not a "collected" athletic performer, nor a man wearing the club's emblem who had been elected purely because of his athletic prowess. For a couple of years the club sent East to the championships a team whose amateur status was unquestioned, and on which were some of the most brilliant individual performers registered at the National meet. But through baseball a professional tendency crept in, the old men resigned, the old spirit died, and the D. A. C. lost caste—the result that always has happened and always will happen so long as water runs and grass grows. If the vicious element comes in, it is absolutely certain the better element goes out. Dishonesty and honesty in sport cannot live under the same roof. The club dropped out of sight in amateur athletics, and it has not reappeared since. In the last year or two they have been working in the right lines again, and some effort is making, I understand, to take an active part again this coming spring. They have excellent grounds, a good club-house, and a large recruiting-field. There is no reason why the club should not be one of the best in the country, if it will float the standard it once flew and nail its colors to the mast. Last year it put forth an amateur baseball nine that was rather a good beginning, and it is the intention this coming year to put out a football eleven that will be equal to some of the best in the West. The Detroit Boat Club maintains its progress, has one of the best courses and one of the handsomest club-houses in the United States, and is pursuing its way along honest amateur lines. That is why it is successful.

IT IS CURIOUS THERE IS NOT MORE BOATING in Chicago. There are several clubs—the Delawares and Catlins—but nothing like the interest taken the facilities might be expected to create. The Chicago Athletic Association has had an opportunity in the last two or three years of doing **great good or great harm for athletics around Chicago.** It has done great harm. Its influence, instead of being healthful, has been most unhealthful. It has played the rôle of athletic harpy, gathering the members of its team where it could, instead of developing them. The methods that obtained in its football campaign were notorious, and the track athletic team which met the California University last year was "gathered" for the purpose on short notice.

Here again is a striking illustration of the inevitable result of unwholesomeness in sport. The Chicago Athletic Association stands disgraced. Just recently the better element of the club has won in an election, and there is now a determination henceforth to have honest amateur teams or none. It is not likely they will have a baseball nine this coming season, but a football eleven, composed of *bona fide* amateurs, and men actually in residence and belonging to the club, is promised. The history of the Chicago Club probably more than any other institution in the West, because it is much larger and has been more active in its work, proves again that dishonesty in sport does not pay and cannot win in the long-run. There may be a year or two of success, but eventually it is a losing game. Unfortunately in this case the harm has not fallen on this club only, for competitive athletics in the middle West generally have suffered. Beyond the annual meet of the Western Inter-collegiate Athletic Association there is very little activity in track athletics, though in every quarter the interest is awakening.

THE ATHLETIC ACTIVITY at these larger Western universities would surprise most Eastern men, I am sure. I know I was surprised to see so many men at work in the gymnasia of the universities of Michigan, at Ann Arbor, of Chicago, and of Wisconsin.

Michigan has close to 3000 students, a third of whom, I believe, are women. It has a handsome modern gymnasium, thoroughly equipped, with a beautiful main floor, well lighted, and 1200 lockers. The athletic management has been very loose in times past, but is now in the hands of five professors and four students, and, irrespective of the Chicago conference, they are intending to put into effect some exceedingly good rules, probably one of the best of which is the individual pledge of honor.

The Northwestern has something like 2600 students, and an advisory board which consists of three of the faculty members, three *alumni* members, and three graduates. Here, too, an effort has been making to cleanse athletics—as evidenced by the dropping of two men who had gone there for football only, one of whom I incorrectly stated had been pledged his board and tuition.

ATHLETICS AT WISCONSIN are and have always been in the most healthful condition of any of the Western universities, due largely, first, to the careful supervision and active interest of President Adams, who not only recognizes the value of sport to young men, but is a keen disciple of sport for its own sake. He has succeeded in inculcating such a spirit in the men of his university that its teams and its athletics generally have been far and away the cleanest in the West. In fact, I have been unable to discover a single vicious case in its history. Here is an illustration of the argument this Department has made that faculties and presidents should put themselves in touch with the sport of their universities, and that they can thereby wield a tremendous influence for good. There are two athletic boards at Wisconsin—a general one, which consists of fifteen members, made up from the captains of the different teams and three members of the faculty, and a higher and superior Board of Control, which is composed of five faculty members. This latter board is only called upon where points in an important issue are under discussion. The Wisconsin campus at Madison is probably the handsomest in the entire United States. Their gymnasium is, in my judgment, not excelled anywhere for practicability. The gymnasium floor proper is about 200 feet in length. There is a baseball cage, overhead running-tracks, and an 80-foot swimming-tank, and, in fact, everything of the best that a gymnasium requires. It is one of the most substantial structures that I have ever seen. Wisconsin, with its 1400 students, is the only university in the West that goes in for all branches of athletics. It has track athletics, baseball, football, and rowing. Football and baseball are about the beginning and ending of most of the Western universities, though in the last year or two some of them have taken up track athletics. Wisconsin is far and away the most important athletic college in the West.

MINNESOTA HAS ABOUT 1400 to 1500 members, and its chief athletic indulgence is football. They have been much handicapped, having no gymnasium and no running-track, which has operated against any track athletic interest. Baseball has been played in a desultory way, but they have not gone in for it very seriously. A little has been done also in rowing, but the chief interest lies in football.

There is no athletic club in Minneapolis or St. Paul that goes in actively for track and field games. The Minnesota Boat Club is an organization apart from the university, is a thriving institution, and puts out one of the best eights in the West: This club and Wisconsin hold an annual eight-oared race.

GOLF IS MAKING ITS way in the West. Links have been made at Detroit. Of course Chicago is well known as an enthusiastic exponent of the game, and Minneapolis has links near the Town and Country Club with ten holes that are sport-giving.

The most satisfactory thought that comes to one after viewing the Western situation in sport is that depravity has run its course, and that those clubs which have exploited the athletic parasite are now beginning life anew with a determination to keep their sport clean. The universities have met for the same purpose, and altogether the outlook is thoroughly and generally encouraging. More so than at any time within my remembrance.

CASPAR WHITNEY.

CONTENTMENT.

YES, there's plenty of room at the top,
  But to get there, myself I sha'n't hump any,
For I think it's more pleasant to stop
  Lower down where there's plenty of company.

H. G. P.

"PONY TRACKS."—WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.—8VO, CLOTH, ORNAMENTAL, $3 00.—PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS.

"There is no better index to refinement than the perfume one uses,"

and the finest, most delicate perfumes in the world are the productions of the famous European laboratories of J. G. Mouson & Co. (Paris, London, and Frankfort).

Violette Impériale

and

Bouquet Carmen Sylva

are the latest. They're dainty in every sense. They're not cheap, and they never will be "common."

These firms are the agents for their respective cities:

New York City,	Jas. McCreery & Co.
Baltimore, Md.,	Thomas & Thompson.
Washington, D. C.,	Edward P. Mertz.
Pittsburg, Pa.,	Boggs & Buhl.
Cincinnati, O.,	Wilmot J. Hall & Co.
St. Louis, Mo.,	Leland Miller.
Detroit, Mich.,	Hunter, Glenn & Hunter.
Milwaukee, Wis.,	T. A. Chapman & Co.
St. Paul, Minn.,	W. A. Frost & Co.
Minneapolis, Minn.,	C. H. Cirkler.

Wright's Myrrh Tooth Soap

Without the Taste of Soap.

Delightful and refreshing. Try it. All druggists.

Your address on a postal will bring a free sample.

Large China box for 25c. in stamps, post-paid, including complete Webster's Pocket Dictionary.

CHAS. WRIGHT & CO.,
Mfg. Chemists,
Detroit, Mich.

DUPLICATE
WHIST
DUPLICATE WHIST
KALAMAZOO METHOD

KALAMAZOO WHIST

(Patented Nov. 3d, 1891)

was *exclusively used* in the American Whist **League Tournaments**, at N. Y., **1892**; Chicago, **1893**; Phila., **1894**, and Minneapolis, **1895**.

Once a devotee of Whist tries the Kalamazoo Method the old game has no further charms. *At dealers' or direct from*

IHLING BROS. & EVERARD,
Kalamazoo, Mich.

20th Edition—Postpaid for 25 cents (or stamps.)

THE HUMAN HAIR

Why it Falls Off, Turns Grey, and the Remedy.
By Prof. HARLEY PARKER, F. R. A. S., London.
A. N. LONG & CO., 1013 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.
"Every one should read this little book."—*Athenæum.*

Use Dr. Rosell's ZEDOARY for perspiring, tender, and tired feet. **25 cents.** All druggists and shoe-dealers. By mail. **J. K. DRAKE, TROY, N. Y.**

VIN MARIANI

MARIANI WINE—THE IDEAL FRENCH TONIC—FOR BODY AND BRAIN.

"IT IS EXQUISITE IN TASTE—VIN MARIANI—IT IS HEALTH—THE ELIXIR OF LIFE."

ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

Write to MARIANI & CO., for Descriptive Book, **75 PORTRAITS,** Indorsements and Autographs of Celebrities.
PARIS: 41 Bd. Haussmann. LONDON: 239 Oxford St.
52 W. 15th ST., NEW YORK.

You Are Invited

to notify the manager of your progressive euchre or whist club that our Company supplies artistic score cards FREE to all clubs sending their address on postal.

EVANOLA MFG. CO.,
249–251 Willoughby St.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

EVANOLA—Cream of Petroleum—is indispensable for the complexion. All Druggists. **10 cents.**

The Attention of Ladies
is specially called to the numerous advantages of

"SELVYT" BRAND

Polishing Cloths

(Trade-mark registered at Washington, Aug. 6, '95.)

Now being sold by all leading stores throughout the country, at 10 cents upwards, according to size. They entirely do away with the necessity for buying expensive wash or chamois leathers, which they out-polish and out-wear, never become greasy, and are as good as new when washed. Sold hemmed ready for use, and should be in the hands of all domestic and other servants.

For sale by all Dry Goods Stores, Upholsterers, Hardware and Drug Stores, Cycle Dealers, etc.

Wholesale enquiries should be addressed,
"SELVYT," 381 and 383 Broadway, New York.

A Symbol of Purity

WHITE ROSE
TRADE No 4711 MARK
GLYCERINE SOAP

Containing a large percentage of purest glycerine—undeniably the most healthful and healing ingredient of a perfect toilet soap. The trade-mark "No. 4711" on each tablet.

MÜLHENS & KROPFF, N.Y., U.S. Agents.

FOR
BEAUTY and ECONOMY
Use
H. W. JOHNS'

ASBESTOS

TRADE MARK

LIQUID PAINTS
THE STANDARD PAINTS FOR STRUCTURAL PURPOSES

FREE BY MAIL
Illustrated designs of Cottages with samples of 56 colors
FREE BY MAIL

H. W. JOHNS M'F'G CO.
87 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK
Chicago Boston Philadelphia

VIOLETTES DU CZAR

(Czar's Violets)

CONCENTRATED PERFUMES

L. LEGRAND (Oriza-Perfumery) 11, place de la Madeleine, PARIS

The only awarded at the Paris Exhibition 1889.

VELOUTINE

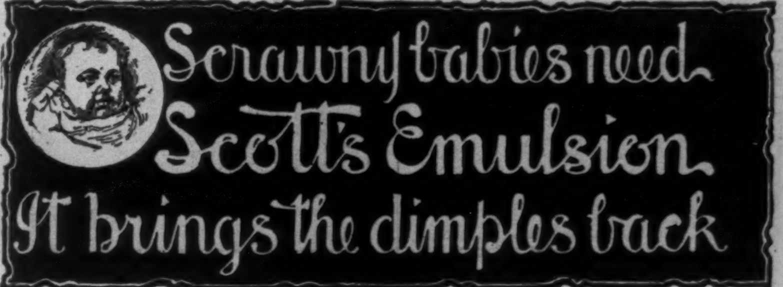
SPECIAL, HYGIENIC, ADHERENT & INVISIBLE.
TOILET POWDER — CH. FAY, Inventor

9, Rue de la Paix, Paris.—Caution. None Genuine but those bearing the word "FRANCE" and the signature CH. FAY.

PROVIDENT LIFE AND TRUST COMPANY, OF PHILADELPHIA.

Insurance in Force, $109,000,000. Assets, $29,500,000.

In everything which makes Life Insurance safe, desirable, and moderate in cost the Provident is unsurpassed. Agents carefully trained and instructed.

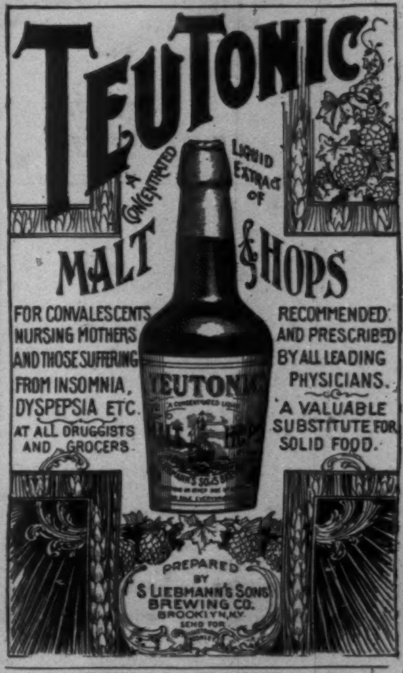


Cuticura

FOR THE
HAIR
and
SKIN

A warm shampoo with **Cuticura Soap,** and a single application of **Cuticura** (ointment), the great skin cure, clear the scalp and hair of crusts, scales, and dandruff, allay itching, soothe irritation, stimulate the hair follicles, and nourish the roots, thus producing Luxuriant Hair, with a clean, wholesome scalp, when all else fails.

Sold throughout the world, and especially by English and American chemists in all the principal cities. British depot: F. NEWBERY & SONS, 1, King Edward-st., London. POTTER DRUG & CHEM. CORP., Sole Props, Boston, U. S. A.


TEUTONIC
A CONCENTRATED LIQUID EXTRACT OF
MALT & HOPS
FOR CONVALESCENTS NURSING MOTHERS AND THOSE SUFFERING FROM INSOMNIA, DYSPEPSIA ETC.
AT ALL DRUGGISTS AND GROCERS
RECOMMENDED AND PRESCRIBED BY ALL LEADING PHYSICIANS.
A VALUABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR SOLID FOOD.
PREPARED BY S. LIEBMANN'S SONS BREWING CO. BROOKLYN, N.Y.
SEND FOR

SONTEE MATCHES. For the apartment and toilet. Bottle shaped, and diffuse fragrant odors. Four Boxes 20c.
J. F. COMMOSS, 46 Vesey St., N. Y., and dealers.

GET RICH QUICKLY. Send for "100 Inventions Wanted." Edgar Tate & Co., 245 Broadway, New York.

If afflicted with SORE EYES use **Dr ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER**

Popular New Fiction.

THE DAY OF THEIR WEDDING.

A Novel. By W. D. HOWELLS. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, $1 25.

DR. WARRICK'S DAUGHTERS.

A Novel. By REBECCA HARDING DAVIS. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 50.

THE APOTHEOSIS OF MR. TYRAWLEY.

A Novel. By E. LIVINGSTON PRESCOTT. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

THE X JEWEL.

A Scottish Romance of the Days of James VI. By the Hon. FREDERICK MONCREIFF. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

IN SEARCH OF QUIET.

A Country Journal, May–July. A Novel. By WALTER FRITH. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

A CLEVER WIFE.

A Novel. By W. PETT RIDGE. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

JAMES INWICK, PLOUGHMAN AND ELDER.

A Novel. By P. HAY HUNTER. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental. $1 00.

THE WOODLANDERS.

A Novel. By THOMAS HARDY. Illustrated. New Edition, with Etched Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 50.

THE TRUMPET MAJOR.

A Novel. By THOMAS HARDY. Illustrated. New Edition, with Etched Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 50.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers, New York.